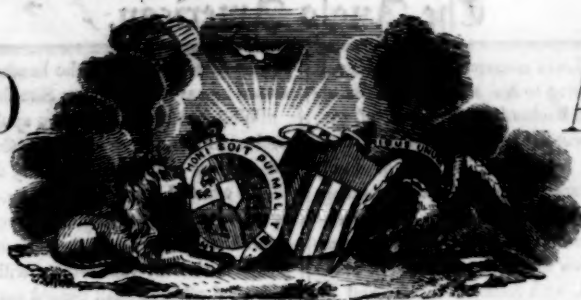


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For the Anglo American.

MY LYRE.

My lyre! bring me my lyre!
And I will strike its silver strings,
Till Nature all her beauty brings,
And casts it at my side!
The flowers, with odours soft and sweet,
Shall brightly blush about my feet,
And ever there abide;
The stars that beam upon the sky,
Shall sing their sweetest melody,
And wonder and admire!
Still, as my fingers sweep along,
I'll wake the hidden soul of song—
To bright extatic fire!
I'll sing of love and fairy things,
And still the gently murmuring strings,
Shall quick to me reply;
And in Elysian numbers wrapt—
Alas, my lyre!—the strings have snapt!
Sweet sounds, why did ye die!

C. S.

For the Anglo American.

SONG OF THE GONDOLIER.

Swiftly, swiftly, o'er the water,
Does my light gondola glide;
Fair Italia's fairest daughter,
Shall it waft thee o'er the tide?
Balmy, balmy, breath of flowers,
Borne upon sweet zephyr's wing,
From a thousand moonlit bowers,
On the wave their fragrance fling.
Softly, softly, music swelling,
Steals from lutes far o'er the sea,
Tales of love those lutes are telling,
Lady! mine has one for thee.
Countless, countless, stars are keeping
Watch above our fairest bay,
Soft their images are sleeping,
Graven on our watery way.
Brightly, brightly, wavelets kissing,
Moonlight with the star-beam lies:
Lady come! one light is missing—
'Tis the light of those dear eyes.
Proudly, proudly, let me lead thee
Forth in all thy matchless grace:
Swift my gallant bark shall speed thee
To our watery trysting place.

ZEPHYRA.

THE RENEGADO.—A SKETCH OF THE CRUSADES.

—how faint and feebly dim
The fame that could accrue to him,
Who cheer'd the band, and waved the sword
A traitor in a turbaned horde.

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

For well nigh two long years had the walls of Acre rung to the war-cries and clashing arms of the contending myriads of Christian and Mahometan forces, while no real advantage had resulted to either army, from the fierce and sanguinary struggles that daily alarmed the apprehensions, or excited the hopes of the besieged. The rocky heights of Carmel now echoed to the flourish of the European trumpet, and now sent back the wilder strains of the Arabian drum and cymbal. On the one side were mustered the gigantic warriors of the western forests, from the wild frontiers of Germany, and the shores of the Baltic; while on the other were assembled the Moslems of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, the wandering tribes from the Tigris to the banks of the Indus, and the swarthy hordes of the Mauritanian desert. Not a day passed unnoted by some bloody skirmish or pitched battle,—at one time the sultan forced his way into the beleaguered city, and the next moment the crusaders plundered the camp of the Mahometan. As often as by stress of weather the European fleet was driven from its blockading station, so often were fresh troops poured in to replace the exhausted garrison; and as fast as the sword of the infidel, or the unsparing pestilence, thinned the camp of the crusaders, so fast was it replenished by fresh swarms of pilgrims, burning with enthusiastic ardour, and aspiring to re-establish the dominion of the Latin kings within the precincts of the Holy City.

Suddenly, however, the aspect of affairs was altered—a change took place in the tactics of the Paynim leaders,—a change which, in the space of a few weeks, wrought more havoc in the lines of the invaders than months of open warfare. The regular attacks of marshalled front and steady fighting, wherein the light cavalry of the Turkish and Saracen tribes invariably gave way before the tremendous charges of the steel-clad knights, were exchanged for an incessant

and harassing war of out-posts. Not a drop of water could be conveyed into the Christian camp, unless purchased by a tenfold effusion of noble blood; not a picquet could be placed in advance of their position, but it was inevitably surrounded and cut off; not a messenger could be despatched to any Latin city, but he was intercepted, and his intelligence rendered subservient to the detriment and destruction of the inventors.

Nor was it long before the author of this new system was discovered. In every affair a chieftain was observed, no less remarkable for his powerful make—far exceeding the stature and slight, though sinewy, frame of his oriental followers—than for his skill in disposing his irregular horsemen so as to act with the greatest possible advantage against his formidable, but cumbrous opponents. His arms and equipment moreover, distinguished him yet more clearly, than his huge person, from his Paynim coadjutors. His brows indeed were turbaned, but beneath the embroidered shawl and glittering tiara he wore the massive *cerveliere*, and barred vizor, of the European headpiece; instead of the fluttering caftan and light hauberk, his whole form was sheathed in solid mail; the steed, which he bestrode, showed more bone and muscle, than the swift but slender coursers of the desert, and was armed on chest and croup with plates of tempered steel. Nor, while he avoided to risk his light armed troops against their invulnerable opponents, did he himself shrink from the encounter; on the contrary, ever leading the attack and covering the retreat, it seemed his especial delight to mingle hand in hand with the best lances of the temple. Many a knight had fallen beneath the sweep of his tremendous blade, and these not of the unknown and unregarded multitude; for it was ever from among the noblest and the best, that he singled out his antagonists—his victims—for of all who had gone against him, not one had been known to return. So great was the annoyance wrought to the armies of the cross, by the policy as well as by the valour of the Moslem chief, that every method had been contrived for overpowering him by numbers, or deceiving him by stratagem; still the sagacity and foresight of the infidel had penetrated their deep devices, with a certainty as unerring as that with which his huge battle-axe had cloven their proudest crests.

To such a pitch had the terror of his prowess extended, that not content with the reality, in itself sufficiently gloomy, the soldiers had begun to invest him with the attributes of a superhuman avenger. It was observed,—that save the gold and crimson scarf which bound his iron temples, he was black from head to heel—stirrup, and spur, and crest, the trappings of his charger, and the animal itself, all dark as the raven's wing—that, more than once, since he had fought in the van of the Mussulmans, strange shouts had been heard ringing above the *telies* of the Paynim, and repeating the hallowed war-cry of the Christian in tones of hellish derision—once too, when he had utterly destroyed a little band of templars, a maimed and wounded wretch who had escaped from the carnage of his brethren, skulking beneath his lifeless horse, averred that, while careering at his utmost speed, the charger of the mysterious warrior had swerved in mad consternation from the consecrated banner which had been hurled to the earth, and that the sullen head of the rider had involuntarily bowed to the saddle bow as he dashed onward in his course of blood and ruin; and in truth, there was enough of the marvellous,—in the activity by which he avoided all collision with a superior force,—and in the victories which he bore off day by day from the men, who till he had come upon the stage, had only fought to conquer,—to palliate, if not to justify, some vague and shadowy terrors in an age when the truth of supernatural interference, whether of saints or demons, was believed as implicitly as the holy writ. Men, who a few weeks before would have gone forth to battle against a threefold array of enemies, rejoicing as if to a banquet,—now fought faintly, and began to look for safety in a timely retreat, rather than in the deeds of their own right hands, as soon as they beheld the sable form of that adversary, whom all regarded as something more than a human foe, while many believed that if not an actual incarnation of the evil principle,—he was at least a mortal endowed with power to work the mischief, designed for his performance, by the inveterate malignity of the arch-fiend himself. And it was a fact very characteristic of the period, at which these events occurred, that the most accomplished warriors of the time, bestowed as much attention on the framing of *periapt*, and spell, and all the arms of spiritual war, as on their mere earthly weapons, the spear, the buckler, and the steed.

The middle watch of night was long passed, and the sky was overcast with heavy clouds,—what little air was stirring, came in blasts as close and scorching, as though they issued from the mouth of an oven. The camp of the crusaders were silent, and sleeping, all but the vigilant guards, ever on the alert to catch the faintest sound, which might portend a sally from the walls of the city, or a surprise of the indefatigable Saladin from without. In the pavilion of Lusignan, the nominal leader of the expedition—all the chiefs of the crusade had met in deep consultation, but the debate was ended—one by one they

had retired to their respective quarters, and the Latin monarch was left alone, to muse on the brighter prospects, which were opening to his ambition, in the approach of Philip Augustus, and the lion-hearted Richard, at the head of such an array of gallant spirits, as might justify his most extravagant wishes. Suddenly his musings were interrupted by sounds remote at first, but gradually thickening upon his ear; the faint blast of a distant trumpet, and the challenge of sentries, was succeeded by the hurried tramp of approaching footsteps.—voices were heard in eager and exulting conversation, and lights were seen marshalling the new-comers to the royal tent!—a few moments, and a knot of his most distinguished knights stood before him, and, with fettered hands, and his black armour soiled with dust and blood—the mysterious warrior of the desert, a captive in the presence of his conquerors. The narration of the victory was brief. A foraging party had ridden forth on the preceding morning, never to return!—for, instructed by his scouts, the infidel had beset their march, had assaulted them at night-fall, and destroyed them to a man;—but his good fortune had at last deserted him—a heavy body of knights, with their archers and sergeants, returning from a distant excursion, had come suddenly upon his rear, while he was prosecuting his easy triumph. The Moslems, finding themselves suddenly compelled to act on the defensive, were seized with one of those panics to which all night-attacks are so liable,—were thrown into confusion,—routed, and cut to pieces. Their commander, on the first appearance of the Christians, had charged with his wonted fury, before he perceived that he was deserted by all, and surrounded past hope of escape—heretofore he had fought for victory,—now he fought for revenge and for death,—and never had he enacted such prodigies of valour, as now when that valour was about to be extinguished forever—quarter was offered to him, and the tender answered by redoubled blows of his weighty axe. Before he could be taken, he had surrounded himself with a rampart of dead, and when at length numbers prevailed, and he was a prisoner, so deep was the respect of the victors towards so gallant a foe, that all former prejudices vanished, and when he had opposed the first attempt to remove his vizor, he was conveyed unquestioned, and in all honour to the tent of the Latin king.

The time had arrived, when further concealment was impracticable. The captive stood before the commander of the crusading force, and the rules of war, no less than the usages of that chivalrous courtesy, practised alike by the warriors of the west, and their oriental foemen, required that he should remove the vizor which still concealed his features. Still, however, he stood motionless, with his arms folded across his breast, resembling rather, the empty panoply which adorns some hero's monument, than a being instinct with life, and agitated by all the passions to which the mortal heart is liable—words were addressed to him in the *Lingua Franca*, or mixed language, which had obtained during those frequent intervals of truce, which characterized the nature of the holy wars,—breaking into the bloody gloom of strife, as an occasional ray of sunshine illuminates the day of storm and darkness,—but no effect was produced by their sound on the proud, or perhaps uncomprehending, prisoner. For a moment their terrors, which had vanished on the fall of their dreaded opponent, appeared to have regained their ascendancy over the superstitious hearts of the unenlightened warriors: many there were, who confidently expected that the removal of the iron mask would disclose the swart and thunder-stricken brow, the fiery glance, and the infernal aspect of the prince of darkness. No resistance was offered when the chamberlain of Guy de Lusignan stepped forward, and with all courtesy unlaced the fastenings of the casque and gorget—the clasps gave way, and scarcely could a deeper consternation, or a more manifest astonishment, have fallen upon the beholders, had the king of terrors himself glared forth in awful revelation from that iron panoply. It was no dark-complexioned Saracen,

“In shadowed livery of the burnished sun,”

with whiskered lip, and aquiline features, who struck such a chill by his appearance on every heart. The pale skin, the full blue eye, the fair curls that clustered round the lofty brow, bespoke an unmixed descent from the tribes of some northern land of mountain and forest,—and that eye, that brow, those lineaments, were all familiar to the shuddering circle, as the reflection of their own in the polished mirror.

One name burst at once from every lip in accents of the deepest scorn,—it was the name of one whose titles had stood highest upon their lists of fame!—whose deeds had been celebrated by many a wandering minstrel even among the remote hills of Caledonia, or the morasses of green Erin!—the valour of whose heart, and the strength of whose arm had been related far and near by many a pilgrim!—whose untimely fall had been mourned by many a maid beside the banks of his native Rhine!—“Arnold of Falkenhorst!” The frame of the culprit was convulsed, till the meshes of his linked mail clattered from the nervous motion of the limbs which they enclosed,—a crimson flush passed across his countenance, but not a word escaped from his lips, and he gazed straight before him with a fixed, unmeaning stare, how sadly changed from the glance of fire which would so short a time ago have quelled with its indignant lightning the slightest opposition to his indomitable pride.

For an instant all remained petrified, as it were, by wonder and vexation of spirit,—the next moment a fierce rush towards the captive, with naked weapons, and bended brows, threatened immediate destruction to the wretched renegade.

Scarcely, however, was this spirit manifested, before it was checked by the Grand Master of the Temple who stood beside the seat of Lusignan.—He threw his venerable person between the victim and the uplifted weapons that thirsted for his blood—

“Forbear,”—he cried in the deep tones of determination,—“Forbear,—soldiers of the cross, and servants of the Most High!—will ye contaminate your knightly sword with the base gore of a traitor to his standard—a denier of his

God?—fitter the axe of the headsman, or the sordid gibbet for the recreant and coward!—say forth—Beau Sire de Lusignan,—have I spoken well?”

“Well and nobly hast thou spoken, Amaury de Montleon,” replied the monarch; “by to-morrow's dawn, shall the captive meet the verdict of his peers, and if they condemn him,—by the cross which I wear on my breast, and the faith to which I trust for salvation,—shall he die like a dog on the gallows, and his name shall be infamous for ever!—Lead him away, Sir John de Crespigny,—and answer for your prisoner with your head,—and you, fair sirs, meet me at sunrise in the tilt-yard—there will we sit in judgment before our assembled hosts, and all men shall behold our doom, till then, farewell!”

In the dogged silence of despair was the prisoner led away, and the silence of sorrow and dismay, the barons of that proud array passed away from the presence of the king,—and the night was again solitary and undisturbed.

It wanted a full hour of the appointed time for the trial, when the swarming camp poured forth its many-tongued multitudes to the tilt-yard. The volatile Frenchman, the proud and taciturn Castilian, the resolute Briton, and the less courtly knights of the German empire, crowded to the spot. It was a vast enclosure surrounded with palisades, and levelled with the greatest care, for the exhibition of that martial skill on which the crusaders set so high a value, and provided with elevated seats for the judges of the games,—now to be applied to a more important and awful decision. The vast multitude was silent—every feeling absorbed in breathless expectation,—every brow was knit, and every heart was quivering with that sickening impatience, which makes us long to know all that is concealed from our vision by the dark clouds of futurity, even if that all be the worst—

“The dark and hideous close,
Even to intolerable woes.”—

This expectation had already reached its highest pitch,—when, as the sun reared his broad disk in a flood of radiance above the level horizon of the desert, a mournful and wailing blast of trumpets announced the approach of the judges,—arrayed in their robes of peace, with their knightly belts and spurs, rode the whilome monarch of Jerusalem, and the noblest chiefs of every different nation, which had united to form one army under the guidance of one commander. Prelates, and peers, and knights,—all who had raised themselves above the mass, in which all were brave and noble, by distinguished talents either of war, or peace, had been convoked to sit in judgment on a cause, which concerned no less the welfare of the holy church and the interests of religion, than the discipline and laws of war. The peers of France and England, and the dignitaries of the empire,—many of whom were present, although their respective kings had not yet reached the shores of Palestine,—were clad in their robes and caps of maintenance, the knights in the surcoats and collars of their orders, and the prelates in all the splendour of pontifical decoration. A strong body of knights, whose rank did not as yet entitle them to seats in the council, were marshalled, like pillars of steel in full caparison of battle, around the-listed field, to prevent the escape of the prisoner, no less than to guard his person from premature violence, had such been attempted by the enthusiastic and indignant concourse.

Arnold of Falkenhorst, stripped of his Moorish garb, and wearing in its stead, his discarded robes of knighthood, his collar and blazoned shield about his neck, his golden spurs on his heel, and swordless scabbard belted to his side,—was placed before his peers to abide their verdict; beside him stood a page, displaying his crested burgoon and the banner of his ancient house, and behind him a group of chosen warders, keeping a vigilant watch on every motion.—But the precaution seemed needless; the spirits of the prisoner had sunk, and he seemed deserted alike by the almost incredible courage which he had so often displayed, and by the presence of mind for which he had been so widely, and so justly, famous. His countenance, even to his lips, was as white as sculptured marble, and his eyes had a dead and vacant glare, and scarcely did he seem conscious of the purpose for which that multitude was collected around him. Once, and once only, as his eye fell upon the fatal tree, which cast its long shadow in terrible distinctness across the field of judgment, with its accursed noose, and the ministers of blood around it, a rapid and convulsive shudder ran through every limb; it was but a momentary affection, and when passed, no sign of emotion could be traced in his person, unless it were a slight and almost imperceptible rocking of his whole frame from side to side, as he stood awaiting his doom. Utter despondency, seemed to have taken possession of his whole soul, and the soldier who had looked unmoved into the very eye of death in the field, sunk like the veriest coward under the apprehensions of that fate which he had no longer the resolution to bear like a man.

The herald stepped forth in his quartered tabard, and crown of dignity, and the trumpeter by his side, blew a summons on his brazen instrument that might have waked the dead: while the sounds were yet ringing in the ears of all, the clear voice of the king at arms cried aloud—“Arnold of Falkenhorst, count, banneret, and baron, hear!—Thou standest this day before thy peers, accused of heresy and treason—a forsworn and perjured knight—a deserter from thy banner, and a denier of thy God—leagued with the pagan dogs against the holy church—a recreant, a traitor, and a renegade—with arms in thine hands wert thou taken battling against the cross which thou didst swear to maintain with the best blood of thy veins!—speak!—dost thou disavow the deed?”

The lips of Arnold moved, but no words came forth—it seemed as if some swelling convulsion of his throat smothered his utterance;—there was a long pause, all expecting that the prisoner would seek to justify his defection, or challenge—as his last resource—the trial by the judgment of God; the rocking motion of his frame increased, and it almost appeared as if he were about to fall upon the earth. The trumpet's din again broke the silence, and the herald's voice again made proclamation.

“Arnold of Falkenhorst, speak now! or hear thy doom! and then forever hold thy peace!” No answer was returned to the second summons,—and, a

the command of Lusignan, the peers and princes of the crusade were called upon for their award. Scarce had he ceased, before the assembled judges rose to their feet like a single man; in calm determination, they laid each one his extended hand upon his breast, and like the distant mutterings of thunder, was heard the fatal verdict,—"Guilty upon mine honour." The words were caught up by the myriads that were collected around, and shouted till the welkin rang.—"Guilty, guilty—to the gibbet with the traitor." As soon as the tumult was appeased, Guy de Lusignan arose from his lofty seat, and—the herald making proclamation after him—pronounced the judgment of the court. "Arnold of Falkenhorst, whilome count of the empire,—belted knight,—and sworn soldier of the cross,—by thy peers hast thou been tried, and by thy peers art thou condemned!—Traitor, recreant, and heretic,—discourteous gentleman,—false knight, and fallen Christian,—hear thy doom!—The crest shall be erased from thy burget, the spurs shall be hewn from thine heels,—the bearings of thy shield shall be defaced,—the name of thy house shall be forgotten!—To the holy church are thy lands and lordships forfeit!—On the gibbet shalt thou die like a dog, and thy body shall be food for the wolf and the vulture!"

"It is the will of God," shouted the assembled nations, "it is the will of God!"—As soon as the sentence was pronounced,—painful, degrading, abhorrent as that sentence was,—some portion of the prisoner's anxiety was relieved, at least his demeanour was more firm,—he raised his eyes, and looked steadily upon the vast crowd, which was exulting in his approaching degradation.—If there was no composure on his brow, neither was there that appearance of abject depression, by which his soul and body had appeared to be alike prostrated. Nay, for an instant his eye flashed, and his lip curled, as he tore the collar of knighthood and the shield from his neck, and cast them at the feet of the herald, who was approaching to fulfil the decree.

"I had discarded them before," he said, "nor does it grieve me now to behold them thus." Yet, notwithstanding the vaunt, his proud spirit was stung,—stung more deeply by the sense of degradation, than by the fear of death,—the spurs, which had so often goaded his charger to glory, amidst the acclamations and admiration of thousands, were hacked from his heels by the sordid cleaver,—the falcon crest, which had once been a rallying point and a beacon amidst the dust and confusion of the fight, was shorn from his casque,—the quarterings of many a noble family were erased from his proud escutcheon, and the shield itself reversed, and hung aloft upon the ignominious tree. The pride, which had burst into a momentary blaze of indignation, had already ceased to act upon his flagging spirits,—and, when a confessor was tendered to him, and he was even offered the privilege of re-admission within the pale of the church, he trembled. "The crime—if crime there be—is his," he said, pointing towards Guy de Lusignan, "I had served him, and served the cross, as never man did, had he not spurned me with injury, and disgraced me before his court, when I sought the hand of her whom I had rescued by my lance from Paynim slavery. Had I been the meanest soldier in the Christian army, my deeds had won me a title to respect if not to favour.—De Lusignan and his haughty daughter drove me forth to seek those rights and that honour from the gratitude of the infidel, which were denied by my brothers in arms.—If I am a sinner, he made me what I am, and now he slays me for it.—I say not, let him give me the hand which he then denied me,—but let him spare my life, and I am again a Christian, my sword shall again shine in the van of his array,—the plots, the stratagems, the secrets of the Moslem shall be his,—I, the scorned and condemned renegade, can do more to replace de Lusignan on the throne of Jerusalem, than the lances of ten thousand crusaders, aye, than the boasted prowess of Cœur de Lion, or the myriads of France and Austria.—All this will I do for him, all this, and more—if he but grants me life!—I cannot—I dare not die!—What said I?—I a Falkenhorst and dare not!"

"Thy life is forfeit!"—replied the unmoved priest,—"thy life is forfeit, and thy words are folly. For who would trust a traitor to his liege lord,—a deserter of his banner, and a denier of his faith!—Death is before thee,—death and immortality!—beware lest it be an immortality of evil, and despair,—of the flame that is unquenchable—of the worm that never dies!—I say unto thee, put not thy trust in princes, but turn thee to him, who alone can say, thy sins be forgiven.—Bend thy knee before the throne of grace,—pluck out the bitterness from thine heart, and the pride from thy soul,—and 'though thy sins be redder than scarlet, behold they shall be whiter than snow!' Confess thy sins and repent thee of thy transgressions, and he who died upon the mount for sinners, even he shall open unto thee the gates of everlasting life."

"It is too late!"—replied the wretched culprit,—"it is too late!—If I die guilty, let the punishment light on those who shall have sent me to my last account.—Away, priest, give me my life or leave me!"

"Slave,"—cried the indignant priest,—"slave and coward, perish,—and be thy blood, and the blood of Him whom thou hast denied, upon thine own head!"

Not another word was spoken. He knew that all was hopeless,—that he must die, unpitied and despised,—and in sullen silence he yielded himself to his fate. The executioners led him to the fatal tree—his arms were pinioned—the noose adjusted about his muscular neck—in dark and gloomy despair, he looked for the last time around him; he gazed upon the lists, which had so often witnessed the display of his unrivalled horsemanship, and echoed to the applauses which greeted his appearance on the field of mimic war,—he gazed on many a familiar and once friendly face—all scowling on him in hatred and disdain; heart-sick, hopeless, and dismayed, he closed his aching eyes; and as he closed them, the trumpets to whose cheering sound he had so often charged in glory, rang forth the signal of his doom!—the pulleys creaked hoarsely—the rope was tightened even to suffocation—and the quivering frame struggled out its last agonies, amidst the unheeded execrations of the infuriate multitude.

Sigh, nor word, no struggling breath
Heralded his way to death:
Ere his very thought could pray,
Unanealed he passed away,
Without a hope from mercy's aid,
To the last—a Renegade.

H.

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ABDUCTION.

Abduction, or forcibly carrying off heiresses, was another of those crying evils which at this time afflicted Ireland; but it was an outrage so agreeable to the spirit of the times, and so congenial to the ardent and romantic character of the natives, that it was considered an achievement creditable to the man, and a matter of boast and exultation to the woman. From the time that the King of Leinster abducted the frail Dervogle, and royalty set an example of carrying off ladies, it was the constant practice. When once it went abroad that a woman had money in any station in life, she became the immediate object of some enterprising fellow, who readily collected about him adherents to assist in his attempt. No gentleman or farmer felt himself safe who had a daughter entitled to a fortune; she was sure to be carried off with or without her consent, and he lived in a constant state of alarm till she was happily disposed of in marriage. It was generally the wildest most "devil-may-care" fellow who undertook the enterprise, and unfortunately such a character was found to have most attractions in the eyes of a young and romantic girl. The frequency of this offence was such a crying grievance that the legislature at an early period interfered to prevent it, and the law on this subject was made, and has since continued more stringent in Ireland than in England. So early as the year 1634, a statute had been passed for punishing such as "carried away maidens that be inheritors;" but this being found ineffectual in 1707, forcible abduction was made a capital felony, and at the same time provisions were made for the punishing those who carried off heiresses though not forcibly, and preventing their ever enjoying their wife's property. This law was, however, inoperative, from a notion which prevailed that the offender was not punishable if the woman abducted him. The girl carried off was accordingly placed before the man on the horse, who thought he might thus evade the punishment, and the maidens frequently, like the Sabines, became so reconciled to their ravishers, that prosecutions bore a very small proportion to the number of offences.

An association was formed in the south of Ireland which will hardly be believed to have existed in any country, except in that where even to the present day men unite themselves for unlawful purposes with a recklessness and perseverance almost incredible. This association was "an abduction club," the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars; the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the whole family, with details of their intentions and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visitations, and opulent farmers as well as the gentry were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life.

The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland called "squireens." They were the younger sons or connections of respectable families, having little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorned to demean themselves by any useful or profitable pursuit. They are described by Arthur Young and other writers of the day, as distinguished in fairs and markets, races and assizes, by appearing in red waistcoats, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leather breeches and top boots, riding "a bit of blood" lent or given them from the stables of their opulent connections.

Hurling was at that time the universal amusement in which the gentry as well as the peasantry engaged, and in this athletic sport the squireens excelled. They were generally addicted to a base and brutal advantage sometimes taken in this noble exercise. It frequently happened in pursuit of the ball, that two antagonists came into collision, and in the shock one of them thrusting the handle of his hurley under his arm, took with the point of it his antagonist in the side, who in some instances fell dead, and in others remained with crushed ribs a maimed and disabled man for life. We acknowledge with shame that this base act was not only practised but applauded as a dexterous and justifiable ruse. On occasions when districts or counties challenged each other in this game, the rival parties were headed by the gentry of this class, who thus became identified with and united to the peasantry.

These things, with a prestige in favour of family connection or pretension to the rank of gentlemen, made young men of this class most popular and special favourites with the peasantry, who were ready and delighted to assist in any enterprise in which they were concerned. When a girl fell to the lot of a member of the club it was probable he never had known or spoken to her, but it was his care to meet her at a public ball, where he generally contrived to render himself agreeable, and in the bustle and confusion of breaking up to put her into a chaise, or on horseback, with or without her consent.

Catherine and Anne Kennedy were the daughters of Richard Kennedy of Rathneadan, county of Waterford. Their father was dead, and they lived with their mother in much respectability; they were each entitled to a fortune under their father's will of two thousand pounds, a large sum at that time as a girl's portion in Ireland; but even that was exaggerated, and they were looked upon as co-heiresses of immense wealth, and as such, objects of great cupidity to the abduction clubs. The fortunate persons to whose lot they fell were Garrett Byrne, of Ballyaun, in the county of Carlow, and James Strange, (pronounced Strang,) of Ullard, in the county of Kilkenny. They were young men of great popularity in the country, dissipated, dashing, careless, spirited fellows, but of different dispositions. Strange was irritable, impetuous, and tyrannical, sacrificing every thing to accomplish his ends, and little regarding the means or feelings of others. Byrne, on the contrary, was amiable, and as far as his pursuits and propensities permitted, of a kind and gentle temper, particularly so to women, with whom he was an universal favourite. He had attached himself to Catherine Kennedy, whose disposition was somewhat like and congenial to his own. Strange had fixed his regards on Anne, who, in like manner, resembled him in determination and haughtiness of temper. In the intercourse of the country they had occasionally met at race-balls, and other convivial meetings, and the men had endeavoured to render themselves agreeable to the girls, with such success, that it was reported, on the authority of their confidential maids, that they were actually invited by them to avail themselves of the first opportunity to carry them off, as there were no hopes that their mother and friends would consent to their marrying men of such desperate fortunes.

* These statutes, as well as those relating to chawls, &c., which we before noticed, with the alterations made by subsequent acts, were all repealed in the consolidation of the criminal code in 1829; but the substance of the former was re-enacted. The capital punishment for forcible abduction has since been ameliorated last session, as to offences after October, 1842.

† This latter act contains a curious clause, telling the story of one John O'Bryan, who was a person of no property, and had forcibly carried off Margaret M'Namara, junior, who was entitled to two thousand pounds, and provides a special remedy for saving the two thousand pounds. The House of Commons would be not a little surprised at a private anecdote of this kind being introduced into a modern bill.

While this intercourse was going on Catherine was but fifteen, and her sister Anne but fourteen; they were both very lovely girls, but Anne was most distinguished, and her form and face gave promise of something eminently beautiful.

On the 14th of April, 1779, the girls accompanied their mother, aunt, and some friends, to a play enacted at Graiguenamana, a small town in the county of Kilkenny; and before the representation was concluded, a notice was conveyed to them that Byrne and Strange had formed a plan to carry them off that night from the play, and had assembled a number of adherents round the house for the purpose. In great alarm, the girls, with their mother and aunt, left the theatre, and retired to another room in the same house, accompanied by several gentlemen, their friends, who resolved to protect them: they bolted and barricaded the door, and they remained for two hours without any attempt being made on the room. At length a violent rush was felt at it, the door gave way, and the party outside entered. There was a bed in the room, and the girls hastily retired behind the curtains and endeavoured to conceal themselves, and impress on the minds of the rioters that they had escaped from the apartment, and were no longer in the house. For an hour or more, the men seemed irresolute and used no violence, but at the end of that time they rushed to the bed, and drew the girls from their concealment. They now displayed arms of all kinds, swords and pistols, with which they were provided, and in spite of all the opposition of the girls' friends, whom they fiercely attacked and threatened with instant death, they dragged them into the street, where they were surrounded by above one hundred armed men with shirts covering their clothes, by way of disguise, the then common costume, in which originated the name of "White-boys." Two horses were ready saddled, Catherine was forced to mount one, and placed before Byrne, and Anne was placed upon the other before Strange; and in this way, surrounded by a desperate body of men sufficient to intimidate and overawe the country, they were carried off from their friends. To allay the terrors of the girls, it was proposed to send for other females who would be their companions. They received the proposal with joy, and they were speedily joined by some women, who proved however to be sisters and near relatives of the abductors, and were prepared and in readiness to promote their criminal views.

They rode all night, surrounded by a strong armed guard of Whiteboys, to a place called Kilnashane, fifteen Irish miles from Graiguenamana. During the journey they were repeatedly solicited to consent to marry the men, and threatened that if they did not they should be carried to a distant county, where they never should see either mother or friends again. The women who had joined the party urged the same thing, and threatened if they persisted in their refusal, to abandon them and leave them to whatever treatment the men chose to give them. In this place they obtained some refreshment, and continued for a considerable time subject to the constant importunity of the party. At length a man was introduced who was reported to be a priest, before whom Byrne and Strange took a solemn oath, that they would harass them night and day by riding through the country with them, till they should be exhausted with fatigue and suffering; but if they consented then to be married by the priest, they should be immediately restored to their friends. At length, terrified and subdued, they became passive, and a short form of ceremony was read, and an extorted assent was given. They then claimed the promise to be immediately restored to their friends, but it was evaded till night came on. The girls refused to retire to rest till solemnly assured by the females that one of them should sleep with each of them; they, however, abandoned them at midnight and the men took their places.

From this house, which appeared to be a waste place and belonging to no master, they again were set on horseback as before, and, accompanied by their lawless patrol, they rode on to Borris, where they passed the next night. The exhausted girls entreated to be allowed to sleep with the females, but this was refused. After various wanderings, by riding night and day with a whole cavalcade of armed ruffians, they were brought to the house of another priest, who undertook to persuade them to submit to their fate, and be reconciled and obedient to their husbands. They still persisted in their remonstrances against the violence offered them, when it was threatened to carry them to Castlecomer, and bury them there for ever in the coal-mines; and Strange, in a paroxysm of anger, struck Anne in the face with a pewter pot. This brutal violence sunk deep into her mind, and rankled with an unextinguishable resentment never to be forgotten.

It will hardly be believed, that for *five weeks* they were paraded night and day, accompanied by their lawless cavalcade and resting at miserable houses, through the counties of Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, and so on to the north of Dublin, where they stopped at Rush, a small fishing town within a few miles of the metropolis. In this place they were put on board a vessel, accompanied by the whole party, and sailed to the town of Wicklow; here, with a perfect feeling of indifference and security, some of them went on shore; but while they were absent the vessel was boarded by a Mr. Power, accompanied by an armed party, who rescued the harassed girls, and restored them to their friends. In the meantime Byrne and Strange made their escape to Wales, but they were instantly pursued, apprehended, and lodged in the gaol of Carnarvon.

It was long doubtful whether they would not claim the girls as their wives, and a belief was entertained that no prosecution would ensue. Catherine was said to be strongly attached to Byrne, who had always treated her with gentleness and affection, except in the manner of her abduction; but Anne's animosity to Strange was irreconcilable, and the brutal indignity of the blow was only to be effaced by his death. Though so young, a mere child, her energetic resentment overcame the reluctance of her elder but more yielding sister; her resolution was confirmed by a near relation of her own, distinguished by the number of duels he had fought, a Mr. Hayes, of whom we have before made honourable mention. It was by the unshaken determination of Hayes the men were brought to trial. The joint depositions of the girls were taken before the Lord Chief Justice Annaly, and Byrne and Strange were tried at the Kilkenny Lent assizes, on the 24th of March, 1780. Letters were produced from the young ladies containing the most tender expressions of affection, and inviting their respective lovers to carry them off, in the way usual in the country, to which they were ready and willing to consent. These letters, however, were clearly proved to be forgeries by the sister of Byrne, who was heard to boast she could perfectly copy Miss Anne Kennedy's hand-writing. Others were read, really written by the girls, speaking of the men in an affectionate manner, and calling them their dear husbands, but these were proved to be dictated under the strong impressions of threats and terror. The men were found guilty and sentenced to death.

It was supposed the sentence would never be executed. Their respectable rank in society, connected with all the gentry of the country—their actual marriage with the girls—and the frequency of the act of abduction, that made such a marriage be considered a thing divested of all criminality, created a strong feeling in their favour. But Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, was then attorney-

general, and conducted the prosecution. He openly declared in court, that if this abduction was suffered to pass with impunity, there would be no safety for any girl, and no protection for the domestic peace and happiness of any family, and he called upon the government to carry out the sentence. His remonstrance was attended to, and the unfortunate gentlemen were hanged, to the great astonishment of their numerous friends and admirers. So strong and general was the excitement among the peasantry, that a rescue was greatly feared, and an extraordinarily large force of horse and foot was ordered to attend their execution; and such was the deep sympathy for their fate, that all the shops were shut up, and all business suspended in Kilkenny and the neighbouring towns.

The subsequent fate of the girls was melancholy. Whenever they appeared in the towns of Waterford, Kilkenny, or the vicinity, they were assailed by hissing and hooting of the mob, who followed them with execration through the streets. They both had a pension from government, settled on them as a remuneration for their sufferings, and their conviction of felons. This the common people considered as the price of blood, and could not conceal their abhorrence whenever they were seen. They were, however, respectably married: the eldest, Catherine, to a gentleman named Sullivan; but even he could not escape the superstitious credulity of the country. He was a worthy but weak man, and fancied himself haunted by the spectre of Byrne—frequently shouting out at night, when waking from a frightful dream, and declaring that he stood before him. He always kept a light burning in his room as a protection against his apparition. His handsome wife fell into flesh, and preserved but little of that comeliness which attracted her lover, and she sought it was said the indulgence of smoking to drown reflection. The fate of Anne was more severe. She fulfilled the promise of her youth, and became a dignified and magnificent beauty. She was married to a gentleman named Kelly. Her married state was miserable, and she died an object of great commiseration—sunk, it was said, in want and degradation. The common people declared her fate a judgment, and continued to execrate herself while living, and her memory when dead. The very act of a man hazarding his life to carry her off was deemed a noble act, her prosecution a base return, and her misfortunes nothing but the vengeance of heaven visibly visited upon her.

Another awful catastrophe of this kind occurred in a different part of Ireland, about the same period, which is perhaps one of the most interesting and melancholy on record. We have already noticed it in our periodical under feigned names, and with some fictitious embellishments; but we now give the mere details of facts divested of all colouring. Indeed, it is a simple story, more affecting than any fiction.

On the Derry side of the Foyle, and about two miles from the city, is Prehen the seat of the Knoxes. It is highly wooded, and covers a considerable tract, descending to the river, and overhanging the broad expanse of water in this place with its dark shade. The circumstance which marked the respectable family with affliction is of such a character as to correspond with the gloom that pervades its aspect; and no traveller passes it without many reflections on the sad event which happened there.

John M'Naghtan was a native of Derry. His father was an opulent merchant, who gave his son all the advantage of a most liberal education. He graduated in Trinity College, Dublin; but having inherited from his uncle a large estate, which precluded the necessity of engaging in any profession, he commenced a career of dissipation then too common in Ireland. He married early, but his extravagance soon involved him in such distress that he was arrested by the sheriff for a considerable debt in his parlour, in the presence of his wife. The shock was fatal. Both wife and child perished. Being a man of address and ability, he was appointed to a lucrative situation in the revenue by the Irish government, and in the course of his duty contracted an intimacy with the family of Mr. Knox, of Prehen whose daughter, a lovely and amiable girl, was entitled to a large fortune independent of her father. To her M'Naghtan paid assiduous court, and as she was too young at the time to marry, he obtained a promise from her to become her bride in two years. When the circumstance was made known to her father, he interdicted it in the most decided manner, and forbade M'Naghtan's visits to his house. This was resented as so injurious to M'Naghtan's character, that the good-natured old man was persuaded again to permit his intimacy with his family, under the express stipulation that he should think no more of his daughter. One day the lovers found themselves alone, with no companion but a little boy, when M'Naghtan took from his pocket a prayer-book, and read himself the marriage ceremony, prevailing on Miss Knox to answer the responses—which she did, adding to each, "provided my father consent." Of this ceremony M'Naghtan immediately availed himself; and when he next met her at the house of a mutual friend, openly claimed her as his wife. Again he was forbidden the house by the indignant father. He then published an advertisement in all the newspapers, declaring the young lady was married to him. By a process, however, in the spiritual court, the pretended marriage was entirely set aside.

In the course of these proceedings, M'Naghtan wrote a threatening letter to one of the judges of the court of delegates, and, it was said, lay in wait to have him murdered when he came on circuit, but fortunately missed him in consequence of the judges taking a different road. The result was, that M'Naghtan was obliged to fly to England. But here his whole mind was bent on obtaining possession of his wife: so at all hazards he returned, and lay concealed at his woods of Prehen. Warning of this circumstance had been communicated to her father, but he seemed to despise it. There was, however, a blacksmith, whose wife had nursed Miss Knox, and he, with the known attachment of such a connection in Ireland, always followed his foster-daughter whenever she ventured abroad, as her protector.

To detach his daughter from this unfortunate connection, Mr. Knox resolved to leave the country, and introduce her to the society of the metropolis; and in the beginning of November, 1761, prepared to set out for Dublin. M'Naghtan and a party of his friends having information of his intention, repaired to a cabin a little distance from the road, with a sack full of fire-arms. From hence one of the party was despatched to the house of an old woman who lived by the way side, under the pretence of buying some yarn, to wait for the coming up of Mr. Knox's carriage. When it did arrive, the woman pointed it out, named the travellers it contained, and described the position in which they sat. They were Mr. Knox, his wife, his daughter, and a maid-servant. It was attended by but one servant, and the smith before mentioned. The scout immediately ran before and communicated to M'Naghtan the information he had received. The carriage was instantly surrounded by him and three other men. M'Naghtan and one of his accomplices fired at the smith, whom they did not kill, but totally disabled. The blinds of the carriage were now close drawn, that the persons inside might not be recognised. M'Naghtan rode up to it, and either by accident or design discharged a heavily-loaded blunderbuss into it at random. A shriek was heard inside. The blind was let down, and Mr. Knox discharged his pistol at the assassin. At the same moment another was fired from behind a stack of turf, by the servant who had concealed himself there. Both shots took

effect in the body of M'Naghtan. He was, however, held on his horse by his associates, who rode off with him. The carriage was then examined. Miss Knox was found dead, weltering in her blood. Five balls of the blunderbuss had entered her body, leaving the other three persons in the carriage with her unhurt, and untouched by this random shot.

The country was soon alarmed, and a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers. A company of light horse scoured the district, and amongst other places were led to search the house of a farmer named Wenslow. The family denied all knowledge of M'Naghtan, and the party were leaving the house when the corporal said to one of his companions, in the hearing of a countryman who was digging potatoes, that the discoverer would be entitled to a reward of three hundred pounds. The countryman immediately pointed to a hay-loft, and the corporal running up a ladder, burst open the door, and discovered M'Naghtan lying in the hay. Notwithstanding his miserably wounded state, he made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately taken and lodged in Lifford gaol. Some of his accomplices were arrested soon after. They were tried before a special commission at Lifford, and one of them was received as king's evidence. M'Naghtan was brought into court wrapped in a blanket, and laid on a table in the dock, not being able to support himself in any other position. Notwithstanding acute pain and exceeding debility he defended himself with astonishing energy and acuteness. A singular trait of Irish feeling occurred in the course of the trial. One of his followers implicated in the outrage, named Dunlap, was a faithful and attached fellow, and his master evinced more anxiety to save his life than his own. As a means of doing so he disclaimed all knowledge of his person: "Oh, master, dear," said the poor fellow beside him in the dock, "is this the way you are going to disown me after all?"

On the day of execution M'Naghtan was so weak as to be supported in the arms of attendants. He evinced the last testimony of his regard to the unfortunate young lady he had murdered, of whom he was passionately fond, and whom he mourned as his wife. The cap which covered his face was bound with black; his jacket was trimmed with black, having black jet buttons, with large black buckles in his shoes. When lifted up the ladder he exerted all his remaining strength to throw himself off, and with such force that the rope broke, and he fell gasping to the ground. As he was a man of daring enterprise and profuse bounty, he was highly popular, and the crowd made a lane for him to escape, and attempted to assist him. He declined their aid, and declared he would not live; he called to his follower, Dunlap, for the rope which was round his neck, the knot of which was slipped and placed round his own. Again he was assisted up the ladder, and collecting all his energies, he flung himself off and died without a struggle. His unfortunate but faithful follower stood by wringing his hands as he witnessed the sufferings of his dear master, and earnestly desired that his own execution might be hastened, that he might soon follow him and die by the same rope.

This murder and execution took place on the road between Strabane and Derry; and as the memory of them still lives among the peasantry, the spot is pointed out to the passengers, and recalls traits of what Ireland was eighty years ago, even in the most civilized county. Abduction was then a common mode of courtship in the north, as well as the south, and no man was deemed of spirit unless he so effected his marriage. Any fatal accident resulting to resisting friends was considered a venial offence, and the natural effect of their unreasonable obstinacy.

The circumstances and character of the parties in this affair rendered it one of the deepest interest. The young lady was but fifteen, gentle, accomplished, and beautiful, greatly attached to the unhappy man, devotedly fond of her father, and with the strongest sense of rectitude and propriety entangled in an unfortunate engagement from simplicity and inexperience. The gentleman was thirty-eight, a man of the most engaging person, and a model of manly beauty. His manners were soft, gentle, and insinuating, and his disposition naturally generous and humane; but when roused by strong excitement, his passions were most fierce and uncontrollable. His efforts on his trial were not to preserve his life, which became a burthen to him after the loss of her he loved, but to save from a like fate a faithful follower, and to exculpate his own memory from a charge of intended cruelty and deliberate murder.

IGNACIO GUERRA AND EL SANGRADOR;—A TALE OF CIVIL WAR.

On a June evening in the year 1839, four persons were assembled in the balcony of a pleasant little villa, some half-league from the town of Logrono in Navarre. The site of the house in question was a narrow valley, formed by a double range of wood-covered hills, the lower limbs of a mountain chain that bounded the horizon some miles in the rear of the villa. The house itself was a long, low building, of which the white stone walls had acquired the mellow tint that time and exposure to the seasons can alone impart. A solid balcony of carved unpainted oak ran completely round the house, its breadth preventing the rays of the sun from entering the room on the ground floor, and thereby converting them into a cool and delightful refuge from the heats of the summer. The windows of the first and only story opened upon this balcony, which, in its turn, received shelter from a roof of yellow canes, laid side by side, and fastened by innumerable packthreads, in the same way as Indian matting. This sort of awning was supported by light wooden pillars, placed at distances of five or six feet from each other, and corresponding with the more massive columns that sustained the balcony. At the foot of these latter, various creeping plants had taken root. A broad-leaf vine pushed its knotting branches and curled tendrils up to the very roof of the dwelling, and a passion-flower displayed its mystical purple blossoms nearly at as great a height; while the small white stars of the jasmine glittered among its narrow dark-green leaves, and every passing breeze wafted the scent of the honeysuckle and clematis through the open windows, in puffs of overpowering fragrance.

About two hundred yards to the right of the house, rose one of the ranges of hills already mentioned, and on the opposite side the eye glanced over some of those luxuriant corn-fields which form so important a part of the riches of the fertile province of Navarre. The ground in front of the villa was tastefully laid out as a flower garden, and, midway between two magnificent chestnut trees, a mountain rivulet fell into a large stone basin, and fed a fountain, from which it was spouted twenty feet into the air, greatly to the refreshment of the surrounding pastures.

The party that on the evening in question was enjoying the scent of the flowers and the song of the nightingales, to which the neighbouring trees afforded a shelter, consisted, in the first place, of Don Torribio Olana, a wealthy proprietor of La Rioja, and owner of the country-house that has been described. He had been long used to pass the hot months of each at this pleasant retreat; and it was no small calamity to him when the civil war that broke out

on the death of Ferdinand, rendered it scarcely safe, in Navarre at least, to live out of musket-shot of a garrison. Sometimes, however, and in spite of the advice of his friends, who urged him to greater prudence, the worthy Riojano would mount his easy-going round-quartered cob, and leave the town for a few hours' rustication at his *Retiro*. After a time, finding himself unmolested either by Carlists or by the numerous predatory bands that overran the country, he took for companions of his excursions his daughter Gertrudis, and an orphan niece, to whom he supplied the place of a father. Five years of impunity were taken as a guarantee for future safety, and Don Torribio now no longer hesitated to pass the night at his country-house as often as he found it convenient. It was observed, also, that many of those persons who had at first loudly blamed him for risking his neck, and that of his daughter and niece, in order to enjoy a purer atmosphere than could be inhaled in the dusty streets of Logrono, at length gathered so much courage from his example, as to accompany him out to the *Retiro*, and eat his excellent dinners, and empty his cobweb-covered bottles, without allowing their fear of the Carlists to diminish their thirst or disturb their digestion.

Upon this occasion, however, the only guest was a young and handsome man, whose sunburnt countenance and military gait bespoke the soldier, while a double stripe of gold lace on the cuff of his blue frock-coat, marked his rank as that of lieutenant-colonel. Although not more than thirty years of age, Don Ignacio Guerra had already attained a grade which is often the price of as many years' service; but his rapid promotion was so well justified by his merit and gallantry, that few were found to complain of a preference which all felt was deserved. Both by moral and physical qualities, he was admirably suited to the profession he had embraced. Slender in person, but well knit and muscular, he possessed extraordinary activity, and a capacity of enduring great fatigue. Indulgent to those under his command, and self-denying in all that regarded himself personally, his enthusiasm for the cause he served was such, that during nearly two years that he had been the accepted lover of Donna Gertrudis Olana, this was only the second time he had left his regiment for a few days' visit to his affianced bride. He had arrived at Logrono the preceding day from a town lower down the Ebro, where the battalion he commanded was stationed; and Don Torribio, with whom he was a great favourite, had lost no time in taking him out to the *Retiro*; nor, perhaps, were the lovers sorry to leave the noise and bustle of the town for this calm and peaceful retreat.

It was about an hour after sunset, and Don Torribio sat dozing in an arm-chair, with his old black dog Moro coiled up at his feet, and his niece Teresa beside him, busying herself in the arrangement of a bouquet of choice flowers, while at the other end of the balcony Gertrudis and her lover were looking out upon the garden. The silence was unbroken, save by the splashing noise of the fountain as it fell back upon the water-lilies that covered its basin. The moon was as yet concealed behind the high ground to the right of the house; but the sky in that direction was lighted up by its beams, and the outline of every tree and bush on the summit of the hill was defined and cut out, as it were, against the clear blue background. Suddenly Gertrudis called her companion's attention to the neighbouring mountain. "See, Ignacio!" exclaimed she, "yonder bush on the very highest point of the hill! Could not one almost fancy it to be a man with a gun in his hand! and that clump of leaves on the top bough might be the *bona* of one of those horrid Carlists!"

While she spoke the officer ran his eye along the ridge of the hill, and started when he caught sight of the object pointed out by Gertrudis; but before he could reply to her remark, she was called away by her father. At that moment the supposed bush made a sudden movement, and the long bright barrel of a musket glittered in the moonbeams. The next instant the figure disappeared as suddenly as though it had sunk into the earth.

The Christino colonel remained for a moment gazing on the mountain, and then, turning away, hastened to accompany his host and the ladies, who, had received a summons to supper. On reaching the foot of the stairs however, instead of following them into the supper-room, he passed through the house-door which stood open, and, after a moment's halt in the shade of the lattice portico, sprang forward with a light and noiseless step, and in three or four bounds found himself under one of the large chestnut trees that stood on either side the fountain. Keeping within the black shadow thrown by the branches, he cast a keen and searching glance over the garden and shrubberies, now partially lighted up by the moon. Nothing was moving either in the garden, or as far as he could see into the adjacent country. He was about to return to the house, when a blow on the back of the head stretched him stummed upon the ground. In an instant a slip-knot was drawn tight round his wrists, and his person securely pinioned by a strong cord to the tree under which he had been standing. A cloth was crammed into his mouth to prevent his calling out, and the three men who had thus rapidly and dexterously effected his capture, darted off in the direction of the house.

Desperate were the efforts made by Don Ignacio to free himself from his bonds, and his struggles became almost frantic, when the sound of a scuffle in the house, followed by the piercing shrieks of women, reached his ears. He succeeded in getting rid of the handkerchief that gagged him, but the rope with which his arms were bound, and that had afterwards been twined round his body and the tree, withstood his utmost efforts. In vain did he throw himself forward with all his strength, striking his feet furiously against the trunk of the tree, and writhing his arms till the sharp cord cut into the very sinew. The rope appeared rather tightened than slackened by his violence. The screams and noise in the house continued; he was sufficiently near to hear the hoarse voices and obscene oaths of the banditti—the prayers for mercy of their victims. At length the shrieks became less frequent and fainter, and at last they died away entirely.

Two hours had elapsed since Ignacio had been made prisoner, hours that to him appeared centuries. Exhausted by the violence of his exertions, and still more by the mental agony he had endured, his head fell forward on his breast, a cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and had it not been for the cords that held him up, he would have fallen to the ground. He was roused from this state of exhaustion and despair by the noise of approaching footsteps, and by the arrival of a dozen men, three or four of whom carried torches. They were dressed in the sort of half uniform worn by the Carlist *volantes*, or irregular troops; round their waists were leathern belts filled with cartridges, and supporting bayonets and long knives, in many instances without sheaths. Ignacio observed with a shudder that several of the ruffians had their hands and weapons stained with blood.

"Whom have we here?" exclaimed a sallow, evil-visaged fellow, who wore a pair of tarnished epaulets. "Is this the *negro* you secured at the beginning of the affair?"

One of the men nodded assent, and the chief bandit, taking a torch, passed it before the face of the captive officer.

"Un militar?" exclaimed he, observing the uniform button. "Your name and rank?"

Receiving no reply, he stepped a little on one side, and looked to the coat-cuff for the usual sign of grade.

"*Teniente coronel!*" cried he on seeing the double stripe.

A man stepped forward, and Ignacio, who knew that death was the best he had to expect at the hands of these ruffians, and was observing their proceedings in stern silence, immediately recognised a deserter from his battalion.

"Tis the Colonel Ignacio Guerra," said the man; "he commands the first battalion of the Toledo regiment."

An exclamation of surprise and pleasure burst from the Carlists on hearing the name of an officer and battalion, well known and justly dreaded among the adherents of the Pretender. Their leader again threw the light of the torch on the features of the Christino, and gazed at him for the space of a minute with an expression of cruel triumph.

"Ha!" exclaimed he, "*el Coronel Guerra!* He is worth taking to headquarters."

"We shall have enough to do to get away ourselves, laden as we are," said one of the men, pointing to a number of large packages of plunder lying on the grass hard by. "Who is to take charge of the prisoner? Not I, for one."

A murmur among the other brigands approved this mutinous speech.

"*Cuatro tiros,*" suggested a voice.

"Yes," said the leader, "to bring down the enemy's pickets upon us. They are not a quarter of a league off. Pedro, lend me your knife. We will see," he added with a cruel grin, "how the gallant colonel will look cropped."

A knife-blade glanced for a moment in the torchlight as it was passed round head of the Christino officer.

"*Toma! chicos!*" said the savage, as he threw the heads of the unhappy Ignacio amongst his men. A ferocious laugh from the banditti welcomed this act of barbarous cruelty.

The leader sheathed the knife twice in his victim's breast before restoring it to its owner; and the Carlists, snatching up their booty, disappeared in the direction of the mountains.

At daybreak the following morning, some peasants going to their labour in the fields saw the body of the unfortunate officer still fastened to the tree. They unbound him, and perceiving some signs of life, carried him into Logrono, where they gave the alarm. A detachment was immediately sent out to the Retiro, but it was too late to pursue the assassins; and all that could be done was to bring in the bodies of Don Torribio, his daughter, and niece, who were lying dead in the supper-room. An old groom and two women servants had shared a like fate; the horses had been taken out of the stable, and the house ransacked of every thing valuable.

For several weeks Ignacio Guerra remained wavering, as it were, between life and death. At length he recovered; but his health was so much impaired, that the surgeons forbade his again encountering the fatigues of a campaign. Enfeebled in body, heartbroken at the horrible fate of Gertrudis, and foreseeing the speedy termination of the war, consequent on the concluded treaty of Bergara, he threw up his commission, and left Spain to seek forgetfulness of his misfortunes in foreign travel.

In all French towns of any consequence, and in many whose size and population would almost class them under the denomination of villages, there is some favourite spot serving as an evening lounge for the inhabitants, whither, on Sundays and fete-days especially, the belles and elegants of the place resort to criticize each other's toilet, and parade up and down a walk varying from one to two or three hundred yards in extent.

The ancient city of Toulouse is of course not without its promenade, although but poor taste has been evinced in its selection; for, while on one side of the town soft well-trimmed lawns, cool fountains, and magnificent avenues of elm and plane trees, are abandoned to nursery-maids and their charges, the rendezvous of the fashionables of the pleasant capital of Languedoc is a parched and dusty *allée* scantily sheltered by trees of recent growth, extending from the canal to the open square formerly known as the Place d'Angoulême, but since 1830 re-baptized by the name of the revolutionary patriarch General Lafayette.

It was on a Sunday evening of the month or August 1840, and the *Allée Lafayette* was more than usually crowded. After a day of uncommon sultriness, a fresh breeze had sprung up; and a little before sundown the fair Toulousaines had deserted their darkened and artificially cooled rooms, and flocked to the promenade. The walk was thronged with gaily attired ladies, smirking dandies, and officers in full dress. In the fields on the further side of the canal, a number of men of the working-classes, happy in their respite from the toils of the week, were singing in parts, with all the musical taste and correctness of ear for which the inhabitants of that part of France are noted; while, on the broad boulevard that traverses the lower end of the *allée*, a crowd of recruits whom the conscription had recently called under the colours, stood gazing in open-mouthed astonishment and infinite delight at some rudely constructed booths and shows, outside of which, clown and pailasse were rivaling each other in the broad humour of their lazzi. Parties of students, easily recognizable by their eccentric and exaggerated style of dress, and the loud tone of their conversation, were seated outside the cafés and ice-rooms, or circulating under the trees, puffing forth clouds of tobacco smoke; and on the road round the *allée*, open carriages, smart tilburys, and dapper horsemen were careering.

Among the various groups thronging the promenade was one, which, in Hyde Park or on the Paris boulevards, would have attracted some notice; but the persons composing it were of a class too common of late years in the south of France to draw upon them any attention from the loungers. The party in question consisted of three men, who, by their bronzed complexions, ragged moustaches, and sullen, dogged countenances, as well as their whole air and *tournure*, were easily distinguishable as belonging to the exiled and disappointed faction of the Spanish Pretender. Their threadbare costume still exhibited signs of their late military employment, probably from a lack of means to replace it by any other garments. The closely buttoned blue frock of one of them still had upon its shoulders the small lace straps used to support the epaulets, and another wore for headdress a *boina*, with its large starlike tassels of silver cord. The third and most remarkable of the party, was a man in the prime of life and strength, whose countenance bore the impress of every bad passion. It was one of those faces sometimes seen in old paintings of monkish inquisitors, on viewing which, one feels inclined to suspect that the artist has outdone and exaggerated nature. The expression of the cold, glassy, grey eye, and thin, pale, compressed lips, was one of unrelenting cruelty; while the coarsely moulded chin and jaw gave a sensual character to the lower part of the face. The scar of a sabre-cut extended from the centre of the forehead nearly to the upper lip, partly dividing the nose, and giving a hideously distorted and unnatural appearance to that feature. The man's frame was bony and powerful; the loose sheepskin jacket he wore was thrown open, and through the imperfectly fastened

shirt-front, it might be seen that his breast was covered with a thick felt of matted hair.

It was the moment of the short twilight that in the south of France intervenes between day and night. The Carlists had reached the upper end of the walk, and, turning round, began to descend it again three abreast, and with the man who has been particularly described in the centre. On a sudden the latter stopped short, as though petrified where he stood. His countenance, naturally sallow, became pale as ashes, and, as if to save himself from falling, he clutched the arms of one of his companions with a force that made him wince again, while he gazed with distended eyeballs on a man who had halted within half-a-dozen paces of the Spaniards. The person whose aspect produced this Medusa-like effect upon the Carlist was a man about thirty years of age, plainly but elegantly dressed, and of a prepossessing but somewhat sickly countenance, the lines of which were now working under the influence of some violent emotion. The only peculiarity in his appearance was a black silk band which, passing under his chin, was brought up on both sides of the head, and fastened on the crown under the hat.

"*Que tienes, Sangrador?* What ails thee, man?" enquired the Carlists of their terror-stricken companion, addressing him by a *nom-de-guerre* that he doubtless owed to his bloody deeds or disposition. At that moment the stranger sprang like a bloodhound into the centre of the group. In an instant El Sangrador was on the ground, his assailant's knee upon his breast, and his throat compressed by two nervous hands, which bid fair to perform the office of a bow-string on the prostrate man. All this had passed in far less time than is required to narrate it, and the astonishment of the Carlists at their comrade's terror and this sudden attack, was such, that, although men of action and energy, they were for a moment paralysed, and thought not of rescuing their friend from the iron gripe in which he was held. Already his eyes were bloodshot, his face purple, and his tongue protruding from his mouth, when a gendarme came up, and aided by half-a-dozen of those agents who, in plain clothes, half-spy and half-policeman, are to be found in every place of public resort in France, succeeded, but not without difficulty, in rescuing the Carlist from the fierce clutch of his foe, who clung to him with bull-dog tenacity till they were actually drawn asunder by main force.

"*Canalla! infame!*" shouted the stranger, as he writhed and struggled in the hands of his guards. "By yonder villain have all my hopes in life been blasted—an adored mistress outraged and murdered, myself tortured and mutilated in cold blood!" And, tearing off the black fillet that encircled his head it was seen that his ears had been cut off. A murmur of horror ran through the crowd which this scene had assembled. "And shall I not have revenge!" shouted Ignacio (for he it was) in a voice rendered shrill by furious passion. And by a violent effort he again nearly succeeded in shaking off the men who held him.

El Sangrador, whose first terror had probably been caused by astonishment at seeing one whom he firmly believed numbered with the dead, had now recovered from his alarm.

"*Adios, Don Ignacio,*" cried he with a sneer, as he walked away between two gendarmes, while his enemy was hurried off in another direction.

The following day El Sangrador was sent to a dépôt of Spanish emigrants in the interior of France. On his departure, the authorities, who had made themselves acquainted with the particulars of this dramatic incident, released Don Ignacio from confinement; but he was informed that no passport would be given him to quit Toulouse unless it were for the Spanish frontier.

At the distance of a few leagues from the town of Oleron, and in one of the wildest parts of the Pyrenees, is a difficult pass, scarcely known, except to smugglers and izard-hunters whose hazardous avocations make them acquainted with the most hidden recesses of the rugged and picturesque mountains. Towards the close of the summer of 1841, this defile was occasionally traversed by adherents of the Ex-Queen-Regent Christina, who had fled to Spain secretly and in small parties, to be ready to take share in the abortive attempt subsequently made to replace the reins of government in the hands of Ferdinand's widow. Not a few Carlists also, weary of the monotonous inactive life they were leading in France, prepared to join the projected insurrection; and, leaving the town in which a residence had been assigned them, sought to gain the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, where they might lie *perdue* until the moment for active operation arrived, subsisting in the meanwhile by brigandage and other lawless means. Owing to the negligence, either accidental or intentional, of the French authorities, these adventurers usually found little difficulty in reaching the line of demarcation between the two frontiers; but it was there their troubles began, and they had to take the greatest precaution to avoid falling into the hands of the Spanish *carabineros* and light troops posted along the frontier.

Among those who intended to take a share in the rebellion, Don Ignacio Guerra occupied a prominent place. Being well known to the Spanish Government as a devoted adherent of Christina, it would have been in vain for him to have attempted entering Spain by one of the ordinary roads. Repairing to Oleron, therefore, he procured himself a guide, and one of the small but sure-footed horses of the Pyrenees, and, after a wearisome march among the mountains, arrived about dusk at a cottage, or rather hovel, built on a ledge of rock within half-an-hour's walk of the Spanish frontier. Beyond this spot the road was impracticable for a horse, and dangerous even for a pedestrian, and Don Ignacio had arranged to send back his guide and horse and proceed on foot; in which manner, also, it was easier to avoid falling in with the Spanish troops. The night was fine, and having had the road minutely explained to him by his peasant guide, Ignacio had no doubt of finding himself, in a few hours, at a village where shelter and concealment were prepared for him. Leaving the horse in a sort of shed that afforded shelter to two or three pigs, the Christino officer entered the hut, followed by his guide and by a splendid wolf-dog, an old and faithful companion of his wanderings. It was some seconds, however, before their eyes got sufficiently accustomed to the dark and smoky atmosphere of the place, to distinguish the objects it contained. The smoke came from a fire of green wood, that was smouldering under an enormous chimney, and over which a decrepit old woman was frying *tallons* or maize-cake, in grease of a most suspicious odour. The old lady was so intent on the preparation of this delicacy, a favourite food of the Pyrenean mountaineers, that it was with difficulty she could be prevailed upon to prepare something more substantial for the hungry travellers. Some smoked goats' flesh and acid wine were at length obtained, and, after a hasty meal, Ignacio paid his guide and resumed his perilous journey. The moon had not risen—the night was dark—the paths rugged and difficult, and the troops on the alert; to avoid falling in with an enemy, or down a precipice, so much care and attention were necessary, that nearly three hours had elapsed before Ignacio perceived that his dog had not followed him from the cottage. The animal had gone into the stable and lain down beside his master's horse, doubtless imagining, by that sort of half-reasoning instinct which dogs possess, that as long as the horse was there, the rider would not be far off.

Ignacio's first impulse, on discovering the absence of his four-footed companion, was to return to the cottage; but the risk in so doing was extreme, and as he felt certain his guide would take care of the dog, and that he should get it at some future day, he resolved to pursue his journey. Meantime the night became darker and darker—thick clouds had gathered and hung low—there was no longer the slightest trace or indication of a path, and the darkness preventing him from finding certain landmarks he had been told to observe, he was obliged to walk on nearly at hazard, and soon became aware he had lost his way. To add to his difficulties, the low growlings of distant thunder were heard, and some large drops of rain fell. A violent storm was evidently approaching, and Ignacio quickened his pace in hopes of finding some shelter before it came on, resolving to wait at all risks till daylight before continuing his rout, lest he should run, as it were, blindfolded into the very danger he wished to avoid. A sort of cliff or wall of rock he had for some time had on his left hand, now suddenly ended, and a scene burst on his view which to him was common-place enough, but would have appeared somewhat strange to a person unaccustomed to such sights. The mountain, which had been steep and difficult to descend, now began to slope more gradually as it approached nearer its base. On a sort of shelving plateau of great extent, a number of charcoal-burners had established themselves, and, as the most expeditious way of clearing the ground, had set light in various places to the brushwood and furze that clothed this part of the mountain. To prevent, however, the conflagration from extending too far, they had previously, with their axes, cleared rings of several feet wide around the places to which they had set fire. The brushes and furze they rooted up were thrown into the centre, and increased the blaze. In this manner the entire mountain side, of which several hundred acres were overlooked from the spot where Ignacio stood, appeared dotted with brilliant fiery spots of some fifty feet in diameter, the more distant ones assuming a lurid blood-red look, seen through the fog and mist that had now gathered over the mountain. Ignacio approached the nearest of the fires, close to a crag that almost overhung it, and that offered a sufficient shelter from the rain which had begun to descend in torrents. Throwing himself on the ground with his feet towards the flames, he endeavoured to get a little sleep, of which he stood much in need. But it was in vain. The situation in which he found himself suggested thoughts that he was unable to drive away. Gradually a sort of phantasmagoria passed before his "mind's eye," wherein the various events of his life, which, although a short one, had not the less been sadly eventful, were represented in vivid colours. He thought of his childhood, spent in the sunny *regas* of Andalusia—of the companions of his military studies, high-spirited free-hearted lads, of whom some had achieved honours and fame, but by far the greater part had died on the battle-field—the smoke of the bivouac fire, the merry laugh of the *insouciant* soldier—the din and excitement of the fight—the exultation of the victory, and the well-won and highly relished pleasures of the garrison town after severe duty in the field;—the graceful form of Gertrudis now flitted across the picture—her jetty hair braided over her pure white forehead, the light of her swimming "eye," that mocked her coal-black veil," flashing from under the mantilla. Her father, with his portly figure and good-humoured countenance, was beside her. They smiled at Ignacio, and seemed to beckon to him. So life-like was the illusion of his fancy, he could almost have sprung forward to join them. But again there was a change. A large and handsome room, a well-covered table—all the appliances of modern luxury—plate and crystal sparkling in the brilliant lights—a happy cheerful party surrounding the board. Alas, for the tragedy played on this stage! The hand of the spoiler was there—blood and woman's screams, dishevelled hair and men's deep oaths, the wild and broken accents of despair, the coarse jest and ferocious exultation of gratified brutality. And then all dark and gloomy as a winter's night, and through the darkness was seen a grave-stone, shadowy and spectral, and a man still young, but with heart crushed and hopes blighted, lying prostrate before it, his breast heaving with convulsive sobs of agony, until at length he rose and moved sadly away, to become an exile and a wanderer in a foreign land.

Maddened by these reflections, Ignacio started to his feet, and was about to rush out into the storm, and fly, he knew not whither, from his own thoughts, when he suddenly became aware of the presence of a man within a few yards of him. The projecting crag, under which he had sought a shelter, extended all along one side of the fire. In one corner an angle of the rock threw a deep shadow, in which Ignacio now stood, and was thus enabled, without being seen himself, to observe the new-comer, who seated himself on a block of stone close to the fire. As he did so, the flame, which had been deadened by the rain, again burned up brightly, and threw a strong light on the features of the stranger. They were those of *El Sangrador*.

With stealthy pace, and trembling at every step, lest his prey should take the alarm, and even yet escape him, Ignacio stole towards his mortal foe. The noise of the storm, that still raged furiously, enabled him to get within five paces of him without being heard. He then halted, and silently cocking his pistol, remained for some time motionless as a statue. Now that his revenge was within his grasp, he hesitated to take it, not from any relenting weakness, but because the speedy death it was in his power to give, appeared an inadequate punishment—a paltry vengeance. Had he seen his enemy torn by wild horses, or broken on the wheel, his burning thirst for revenge would hardly have been slaked; and an easy, painless death by knife or bullet, he looked upon as a boon rather than a punishment. An end was put to his hesitation by the Carlist himself, who, either tormented by an evil conscience, or oppressed by one of those unaccountable and mysterious presentiments that sometimes warn us of impending danger, became restless, cast uneasy glances about him, and at last, turning round, found himself face to face with Ignacio. Almost before he recognized him, a hand was on his collar, and the muzzle of a pistol crammed into his ear. The click of the lock was heard, but no discharge ensued. The rain had damped the powder. Before Ignacio could draw his other pistol, the Carlist grappled him fiercely, and a terrible struggle commenced. Their feet soon slipped upon the wet rock, and they fell, still grasping each other's throats, foaming with rage, and hate, and desperation. The fire, now nearly out, afforded little light for the contest; but as they rolled over the smouldering embers, clouds of sparks arose, their clothes and hair were burned, and their faces scorched by the heat. The Carlist was unarmed, save with a clasp-knife, which being in his pocket, was useless to him; for had he ventured to remove one hand from the struggle even for a moment, he would have given his antagonist a fatal advantage. At length the contest seemed about to terminate in favour of Ignacio. He got his enemy under, and knelt upon his breast, while, with a charred, half-burned branch which he found at hand, he dealt furious blows upon his head. Half-blinded by the smoke and heat, and by his own blood, the Carlist felt the sickness of death coming over him. By a last effort he slipped one hand, which was now at liberty, into his pocket, and immediately withdrawing it, raised it to his mouth. His teeth grated upon the blade of the knife as he opened it, and the next instant Ignacio, with a long deep sob, rolled over among the ashes. The Carlist rose painfully and with difficulty into a sitting posture, and

with a grim smile gazed upon his enemy, whose eyes were glaring, and features settling into the rigidity of death. But the conqueror's triumph was short-lived. A deep bark was heard, and a moment afterwards a wolf-dog, drenched with mud and rain, leaped into the middle of the embers. Placing his black muzzle on Ignacio's face, he gave a long deep howl, which was succeeded by a growl like that of a lion, as he sprang upon the Carlist.

The morning after the storm, when the charcoal-burners returned to their fires they found two dead bodies amidst the ashes. One of them had a stab in his breast, which had caused his death. The other was frightfully disfigured, and bore marks of the fangs of some savage animal. In that wild district, the skirmishing-ground of smugglers and *douaniers*, the mountaineers think little of such occurrences. A hole was dug, the bodies thrown into it; and a cross, rudely cut upon the rock, alone marks the spot where the midnight conflict took place.

MEMOIR OF ABD-EL-KADER.

Abd-el-Kader (Abi-sidi-el-Adi-Mahommed, Ben-Sidi-Mahhi-el-Din) was born in 1808, at *La Zayouat*, commonly called *Si-Moustapha-el-Mokhetar*. Sidi-Mahhi-el-Din, his father, was a renowned and highly-revered Marabout, of the province of Oran, living as a dervish on the alms and donations of the faithful Osmanlis, who flocked from all parts of Africa, and even of Asia, to his residence, drawn thither by the fame of his piety. Such was his influence, that in cases of private dissensions he was frequently chosen to settle the affair, and a word from him was sufficient to arrest any prosecution or oppression of the Bey.

What, however, must seem an anomaly to the English reader, although familiar to the Italian,* he enjoyed the strange privilege of sheltering in his house both criminals and fraudulent debtors. The superstitious veneration of the Osmanlis towards Mahhi-el-Din went so far as to attribute to him several miracles, and especially the somewhat unusual one of multiplying in the pockets of his visitors the money which they carried with them. It was, in fact, to these impostures that the shrewd Marabout owed his immense private wealth and public influence, which, in the course of time, rendered his elevation to the throne of easy attainment.

Mulay-Ali, nephew of the emperor of Morocco, having in 1831 abandoned the Beylick of Oran, in order to avoid coming in contact with the French army; Mahhi-el-Din, being considered by his countrymen the man most capable of protecting and maintaining their national independence, was unanimously elected Bey of Mascara. He did not, however, continue long in the enjoyment of his well-deserved elevation, being treacherously poisoned by Ben-Nouna, the chief of the Moorish party at Tlemecen, who dreaded his influence and popularity.

Sidi-Mahhi left two sons as his heirs. Sidi-Mahommed, the eldest, being very pious, and wholly devoted to the contemplation of religious subjects, caring but little moreover for worldly affairs and honours, voluntarily renounced his rights to Abd-el-Kader, his younger brother, who, although only in his twenty-first year, was endowed with a very different character, and had already manifested such activity of mind and so great a desire for fame, and had attained such a reputation, that, even so early as 1826, when he visited, as a pilgrim, the tomb of Mahommed, the Marabouts of Mecca openly told him—*thou shalt reign*. This prediction was never forgotten by Abd-el-Kader, and confidently expecting its accomplishment, he continually prepared himself for such an event. Under the tuition of his father he acquired a perfect knowledge of the Koran, and all that regards the religion and traditions of his country, and in consequence of his learning and erudition, he had deservingly obtained, at the age of twenty, title of *Thaleb* (learned), and, a year after, through his exemplary and offensive conduct, that of *Marabout* (signifying saint). By these means he contrived in his youth to win the affections of his countrymen, and to acquire an influence and popularity beyond all his contemporaries. In order to pave his way to the prophesied throne, he applied himself with great assiduity to all warlike exercises, and to the training, drilling, and managing the most fiery Arabian horses. Thus, the unexpected and sudden demise of his father, found him prepared to assume his authority and honours. Nevertheless when he made his public entry into Mascara, accompanied only by a few Arabs, whose appearance and accoutrements bespoke neither luxury nor greatness, his government was at first considered both precarious and powerless.

However, Abd-el-Kader soon gave proofs of his skill, courage, and activity, having marched against the city of Tlemecen, whose population was then divided into two parties, that of the Moors, headed by Ben-Nouna, and that of the Conlanghis (or descendants of the Turks), under the control of Ben-Aouna-Bourshli. Ben-Nouna he caused to be removed by poison, and Ben-Aouna by transportation; he then proceeded to form a mixed administration there, which soon appeared the rivalry of the two factions. From Tlemecen he went afterwards at the head of his army to besiege Mostagenem, from which, however, having been well defended by Ibrahim-Mouhir, the Turkish Bey, he was compelled to retreat; but, to repair this defeat, he took by assault the city of Arzew, and ordered its commander, Sidi-Ahmet, who had been arrested, fighting at the head of the Kabales, to be beheaded, having first had his eyes put out and his limbs broken.

Having established his partizans at Arzew, and levied heavy contributions in the province of Titari, both in money and provisions, the victorious Emir returned in triumph to Mascara, where he was received with enthusiasm by his subjects. There, in his wretched residence of brick and mud, served only by a few negro slaves, and dressed as simply as the meanest of his countrymen, Abd-el-Kader began seriously to think of the possibility of restoring the empire of the Arabs, and their independence, by laying the foundation of a regular administration. The establishment of the French on the coast of Northern Africa, instead of intimidating his aspiring mind, greatly stimulated his natural energy, and augmented his desire of realizing his bold and patriotic enterprise, which was, by uniting under his standard all the inhabitants of Mount Atlas, and of the beautiful valleys situated at its foot, to form a kingdom of sufficient strength for national independence.

With these objects in view, Abd-el-Kader did all in his power to obtain popularity with his new subjects, by inspiring them with respect for his military talents, and with abhorrence for a foreign yoke. Until 1833 he took no part in the warfare that raged between his countrymen and the French; but, when the latter, abandoning the coast, undertook the conquest of Arzew, Abd-el-Kader prepared to meet them, and when they advanced upon the Beylicks of Mediah and Tlemecen, he opposed them so vigorously, and with such success, that they were compelled to retreat.

General Boyer, who was then commander-in-chief at Oran, being informed by the Jews, his agents, that Abd-el-Kader was the only man capable of opposing serious obstacles to the establishment of the French in Africa, opened friendly

* In Italy the churches, the monasteries, and the residences of the cardinals and nobility, are privileged to shelter all criminals. In 1817, the Jesuits during three months would not deliver into the hands of justice a murderer, but were at last forced by a *motu proprio* of Pius VII.

negotiations with him. The chief received, with great caution and politeness the Turkish and Jewish envoys, sent to him on the part of the general, rejected none of their proposals, but, amusing the agents with specious promises and protestations, declined subscribing any document.

General Desmichels having succeeded General Boyer in command, adopted a totally different policy from his predecessor, and having determined on conquering the tribes by brute force, he attacked the Arabs, under the command of Abd-el-Kader, on several occasions but without any signal success, being obliged to fight in a country almost wholly unknown to his troops, intersected by water-courses and impracticable muddy passes, so that every at step his resources were greatly endangered. During his retreat towards Oran, Gen. Desmichels tried in vain to force Abd-el-Kader to accept battle, while the Arabian chief, at the head of his cavalry, hovered around the French army, harassing them incessantly, and massacring all stragglers who were separated from the main body. At last, Abd-el-Kader, having succeeded in surrounding a corps of infantry under the command of Colonel Duberail, forced them to seek shelter in Arzew, which was immediately invested by the Arabs. After several attempts to bring on a battle, Abd-el-Kader, on the 8th of October, 1833, sent Colonel Duberail the following note:—

"Praise to Mahomed!—The chief of the Moors, Sidi-el-Adi-Mahomed-Abi-Abd-el-Kader-Sidi-Mahhi-el-Din, to the French chief. Health to the unbelievers! As you have not fulfilled the conditions of your treaties, and as you did not come out yesterday to fight with us, let us know your determination. We inform you on our part, that our troops surround Arzew on every side, and are ready to mount upon its bastions. We have several times beaten our drums to show you that we wish to fight. If you seek after your safety and welfare leave our country; otherwise, I shall oppose you for ever. I will unite under the national standard the inhabitants of the east and of the west, and I will wage a continual war against you. Our God will assist us in expelling you. Lay down your flag, and I will withdraw so as to let you depart. Do not rely on the counsel of your guides, because they will be your ruin."

On the following day the French accepted this challenge, attacked Abd-el-Kader, and being well supported by artillery, military experience overcame undisciplined valour, and the besiegers were repulsed after an obstinate and destructive combat; the French were, however, soon after compelled to re-enter the town, without having gained an inch of territory, or any important advantage over the Arabs.

The French government seeing the alarming position of their African possessions, and taking into consideration the enormous expenditure yearly entailed upon France to retain the conquest, devised the plan of sending to Africa a civil and military commission of experienced and prudent men, empowered to propose and adopt any means which they should think the most proper to insure the future welfare of the colony.

These commissioners, after having consulted with the chief Turks and native allies of France, with regard to the state of the hostile tribes inhabiting the Atlas and its neighbourhood, and having obtained, through the Jews, information of the financial and military resources of the Arabs, unanimously declared themselves in favour of a system of conciliation and friendly intercourse, and advised the civil and military authorities to try the experiment.

General Desmichels, concurring with the advice of the commissioners, adopted their suggestion; but unfortunately the French passed too suddenly from one extreme to another, and those with whom they had hitherto treated only by means of the sword were soon transformed into allies, and became the object of their confidence and generosity. Abd-el-Kader, according to his custom, received the envoys of General Desmichels with great marks of politeness, and, after the preliminary negotiations were settled, a treaty was concluded by which the governor of Oran recognised his independence. The river Chetif, which has its source in the interior of the province of Titary, and which, after traversing the lake Titary, turning to the left, discharges its waters into the Mediterranean, became the boundary of his possessions, comprising the whole of the fertile country lying between the empire of Morocco and the provinces of Oran, Titary, and Algiers. The Emir of Mascara obtained also great commercial advantages, and a supply of arms and ammunition, on his promising to make use of them only against the enemies of France.

During the numerous skirmishes which he had already had with the French, Abd-el-Kader having remarked the great superiority which military discipline and tactics imparted to their soldiers, he was not slow to avail himself of the advantage, and, therefore, he formed a corps of infantry, and had them drilled by French officers, in order that they might learn how to use the bayonet. Thus behind the small river assigned to him as a limit to his territory, the young emir of Mascara was spreading military organization amongst his subjects, and preparing the means once more of asserting the independence of his native country; and as soon as he thought that he had a chance against the conquerors of Algiers, several corps of his army were allowed to commit depredations on the province of Oran.

General Voriol, who had succeeded General Desmichels, being informed of the incursions of the Arabs, signified to Abd-el-Kader, that if such infractions of the treaty did not cease immediately, he should treat him as an enemy. General d'Erlon, governor of Algiers, also addressed the emir an equally strong letter on the subject, and even threatened to depose him: but the brave and politic chief having appointed Ben-Dran as his agent and plenipotentiary, despatched him to Algiers to negotiate with General d'Erlon.

Ben-Dran was a Jew, of a fine and imposing countenance, polite in his manners, graceful and lively in his conversation; and, above all, endowed with all those deceitful qualifications which are the essential and honourable requisites of a good diplomatist. Such a goodly personage soon won the confidence and esteem of the French governor; and perceiving that, for want of military resources, the French were then unable to attempt any thing decisive against his master, he advised him to keep his troops in readiness, and to seize the first favourable opportunity of invading the French possessions.

About that period a sheriff of the Sahara, called Monga, secretly stimulated and encouraged by Jewish-French emissaries, entered with his army into the province of Titary, and having taken possession of Mediah, sent from thence his agents to Miliana, exhorting its inhabitants to join his standard, in order to shake off the yoke of Abd-el-Kader. The emir, being informed of what had happened, crossed the Chetif at the head of his cavalry, and passing like a thunder-bolt through the province of Titary, entered in triumph into Mediah, and having expelled the French Bey, appointed in his stead one of his own faithful friends, and began to organize his new conquest according to his plans and interests.

General Trezel, then commander-in-chief at Oran, remonstrated against so open an infraction of the treaty concluded between the French and Abd-el-Kader, and demanded an explanation of the emir's conduct, but this was utterly disregarded. General d'Erlon, unable to employ military coercion, engaged Abd-el-

Kader, through Ben-Dran to address letters of submission to both the governors of Algiers and Oran; and an officer of the staff, accompanied by Ben-Dran, was despatched to him to obtain this. They found the emir at the Hallouan, near Belida, occupied in the settlement and organization of his new province. The French envoy having presented to the emir, on the part of General d'Erlon, several precious French curiosities, was well received, and obtained the object of his mission; but at the same time, in reward of his apparent submission, Abd-el-Kader was acknowledged the conqueror and rightful possessor of a new province.

Two months after this renewal of friendly intercourse, Abd-el-Kader being informed that the chiefs of the tribes of the Drouers, and of the Zinalas, were secretly intriguing with the French, and trading with them to his disadvantage, ordered the apprehension of Ismael, one of them. These tribes appealed to General Trezel for protection, who, leaving Oran with his army, directed his course towards Tlemecen, and pitched his camp at Misserghim. From thence he apprized General d'Erlon of the cause and object of his movements, and demanded his approval, and immediate assistance.

Having waited in vain several days for an answer, Trezel considered it his duty to advance, and having reached Threlet, on the road to Mascara, on the 24th June, 1834, he there pitched, and fortified his camp. The next day he sent his favourite Jew, *Mardokai-Amar*, with two officers of his staff, to endeavour to settle with Abd-el-Kader by peaceable means; but not having succeeded, on the 26th the French advanced towards the Lirig, and while they were marching over a narrow passage near Muley-Ismael, they were suddenly attacked by the Arabs, under the command of the emir; after an obstinate and destructive combat, the Arabs were routed, and the French having passed the Sig, took possession of the camp of Abd-el-Kader. This victory, however, not only cost the French great loss of life, but proved to them, that the emir of Mascara, whom they had hitherto considered as a savage chief, had already made rapid progress in the art of war; since, for the first time, he had commanded his infantry in person, and had fought with skill and effect.

Proud of his success, General Trezel on the 28th demanded of Abd-el-Kader an acknowledgment of the supremacy of France, and to pay a tribute, as a fine for his late transgression; but the emir having refused to submit to his conditions, and the French having no means of maintaining themselves in such a position, a retreat became indispensable. As Arzew was the nearest point where the troops could safely embark for Oran, on the 29th, before day-break, they directed their march towards that city. The foreign legion formed the van-guard—the wounded, and the provision wagons were placed in the centre of the army, and the cavalry served both as wings and rear-guard.

About noon, while the French were marching over a muddy and difficult tract of land, between the Macta and a steep hill, the Arabs fell upon them like ravenous wolves, surrounded them on every side, and the van having given way, Abd-el-Kader, profiting by the great disorder occasioned by their flight, attacked the centre with great impetuosity, massacred all the wounded, and those who defended the provisions, and took possession of many carriages, and a great quantity of ammunition. The same evening General Trezel, with the remains of his exhausted and demoralized army, reached Arzew, from whence some of the troops embarked for Oran, and the rest returned to the same place by land.

This unlooked-for result of the expedition of General Trezel caused an alarming sensation in Algiers, and produced great uneasiness in France, where the name of Abd-el-Kader began to inspire respect, and even apprehension—since, both at Muley Ismael and at Macta, he had given convincing proofs of the great improvement which military organization and discipline had engendered amongst his subjects. The government, therefore, felt the necessity of striking a decisive blow at the daring emir of Mascara, and with that view Marshal Clausel was appointed governor-general of the French possessions in northern Africa, provided with extraordinary military and financial resources, in order to conquer Constantina, and thus exterminate at once the growing power of Abd-el-Kader. The late Duke of Orleans honoured with his presence this campaign.

It is not generally known, but it is at the same time an incontestable fact, that, during the last two centuries, the inhabitants of the states of Barbary, and of almost the whole coast of northern Africa, have been under the indirect but permanent yoke of a few powerful and cunning Jewish families.

Towards the end of November, 1835, having divided his army into four divisions, Marshal Clausel left Oran, and marched against Mascara; and, during ten days, passing through a country intersected by rivers, deep water-pools, and mountains, his progress was continually opposed by the emir at the head of his army. At Muley-Ismael, Abd-el-Kader accepted battle, but was compelled to retreat upon the Sig, where another combat took place; at last, having engaged a third time with the invaders at Sidi-Emborrat, and having been beaten, the Arabian chief, with a small body of cavalry, retreated to Cachero, where he was abandoned by the greater part of the chiefs of his party, and one of them, insulting him in his misfortune, carried off the parasol of feathers which is the distinction of the commander-in-chief, saying—"We will return it to you when you become again our Sultan."

Without being discouraged by these reverses, and unwilling to defend his capital uselessly, the young emir ordered the evacuation of Mascara, and as the Jews would not leave the town, the enraged Moors pillaged their houses, and massacred great numbers of them. The French entered the town soon after these scenes of slaughter and depredation had taken place, and there found the twenty-two cannons, and the carriages they had lost at the battle of Macta. Clausel, after having barbarously pillaged and consigned to the flames Mascara, and destroyed piece by piece all the establishments of Abd-el-Kader, took possession of Tlemecen; but soon after his supposed annihilation, the emir, having renewed his hostile operations, the French were compelled to effect a precipitous retreat into Oran while Abd-el-Kader intercepted the communication between Oran and Tlemecen.

General d'Arlanges, at the head of his division, supported by a strong park of artillery, undertook to re-establish the intercepted communication, but met with so formidable a resistance that he was obliged to sacrifice a vast number of troops two leagues from Tlemecen before victory declared in his favour. Two days after this event, while advancing towards Tlemecen by the river Tafna, Abd-el-Kader fell upon them so vigorously, and so suddenly, that, notwithstanding the superiority of their artillery and manœuvres, they were driven in great confusion into their fortified camp.

Encouraged by his success, the emir established his head-quarters between the Isser and the Tafna, and disposed his Arabs in such a manner as to intercept again the communication between General d'Arlanges and Oran; the French were thus in a truly distressing situation; for, being surrounded on every side by the Arabs, with scarcely any communication with Oran by sea, their provisions began to get so scarce, that in order to feed the army, they were obliged to kill and eat their horses during three months. Their dangerous position having excited great alarm both in the African colony and in France, General Bougaud, with a fresh and imposing army, was despatched to Oran, in order,

* General Desmichels, 7ber 18, 1834.

to deliver the division of General d'Arlandes from the Arabs, and having advanced towards the fortified camp of the Tafna, he succeeded in introducing into it both provisions and ammunition. After some days of hesitation, he marched on his right towards Oran, with the intention of turning the position of Abd-el-Kader. The chief was too polite to suffer this, and therefore avoided several times engaging with Bougaud's division; but at last he was compelled to give battle at the confluence of the Isser and the Sullif; and there, as at Tafna, he commanded his infantry in person, and by a very able manoeuvre, succeeded in attacking at the same time the van and the rear of the French army; but having opened his centre too much, General Bougaud, profiting by his mistake, and making use of his powerful artillery, after a long and destructive battle, completely defeated the Arabs; Abd-el-Kader, at the head of his cavalry, protected the retreating army until it took a strong position behind the Sullif.

This victory of General Bougaud did little to advance the welfare of the French in Africa, and the negotiations for a new treaty of peace and alliance being chiefly managed through the Jews, the emir of Mascara soon found the means of obtaining not only honourable conditions, but of being again recognised as the rightful owner of his former dominions, with an accession of territory, and new commercial advantages, under the apparent humiliation of paying a small annual tribute, in provisions, to the French.

After the conclusion of this treaty, Abd-el-Kader having learned by experience that, notwithstanding his indefatigable application to the art of war, his extraordinary energy on the field of battle, and his tact in organizing his troops, he could not rally around his standard the natives, of whom he had declared himself both the chief and the protector, without a wise and systematic administration, he determined as far as his circumstances permitted, to establish in his dominions a regular plan of finance, commerce, and justice; and as when travelling through Egypt he had observed with great attention the organization which Mahommed Ali had introduced amongst his subjects, he determined to emulate that reforming pacha.

Following this wise determination, when the French sent a second expedition against Constantina, under General Darlemont, and accomplished its conquest—and again when under the direction of Marshal Vallée they took possession of the khalfats of Sahel, Ferdjouah, and Medjanah—he did not interfere, but occupied himself entirely in civilizing and training his subjects to military and commercial pursuits, and cultivating friendly feelings amongst the chiefs of the tribes under his protection, in establishing a strict monopoly of all the articles of merchandise, in superintending on behalf of the Arabs the exchange of their products, and horse, and camels, for the cotton, silk, iron and steel, and other commodities offered to them by the French.

However, when Marshal Vallée, accompanied by the late duke of Orleans, was taking a military survey of the French conquests, and at the same time was endeavouring to throw obstacles in the way of the aggrandizement of the emir of Mascara, secretly fomenting discord amongst the Arabian chiefs, Abd-el-Kader, on his side, resorted to every expedient to excite the Mussulman tribes against the Christians, and urged them to engage in a sacred war to extirpate the invaders from the African soil. For this purpose religious and military emissaries were sent by him amongst the different tribes, while he himself moved from place to place, busily employed in preparing for the sudden outbreak which he meditated.

When he thought the time favourable for declaring war, on the 18th of November, 1839, he addressed a letter to Marshal Vallée, commander-in-chief of the French army in Africa, in which he stated that all the faithful Mussulmans having determined on a sacred war against the Christians, he had used all his efforts to prevent them, but that no alternative was now left him but to side with them, and obey the law of his religion, which commanded war against the infidels.

On the 20th of November, the emir, at the head of his army, crossed the Chetif, and began the work of devastation in the great plain of Mitidja. Clouds of Bedouin Arabs surrounded the French posts, which were attacked and driven in, and a battalion was cut off and destroyed. The farms of the colonists were set on fire, and their villages razed to the ground. The French, taken by surprise, suffered at first a considerable loss, and were driven back into the province of Algiers. Notwithstanding that Marshal Vallée and four able generals, having under their command an effective and disciplined army of sixty thousand men, and twelve thousand horses and mules, were engaged against them, Abd-el-Kader bravely opposed them, but after the first surprise was over, although he fought with intrepidity and skill, and during the year 1840 caused them a loss of more than twenty thousand men, and almost the entire ruin of all the colonists, he had no prospects of victory; his military and financial resources began to fail, particularly as almost the whole of the tribe of the Hadjoutes, who are described by Marshal Vallée as the fiercest and most warlike of the Arabs, had been entirely destroyed by the French.

The emir, therefore, towards the beginning of 1841, retreated into his possessions, and was endeavouring to prepare for a new campaign, when the French army, having been re-inforced by twenty thousand new troops from France, and with three thousand five hundred more horses, and one thousand eight hundred more mules, the governor-general of Algiers decided on striking a decisive blow at Abd-el-Kader. By the instrumentality of the Jews, some of his best supporters were bribed to abandon his cause; and, after having fought four battles in his own dominions, in all of which he was defeated, he at last, seeing that he could no longer fight with any chance of success, with his few faithful followers disappeared from the theatre of war, and retreated amongst the tribes of the desert.

The French accounts announced the total extermination of the powerful emir of Mascara, and even spread the report that he had been assassinated by one of the Beys, who had been ill-treated by him during his grandeur. But Abd-el-Kader, faithful to the promise that he had made to Colonel Duberail, in his letter of the 8th August 1833 that he would oppose the French for ever, and wage a continual war against them, has been ever since wandering amongst the inhabitants of the desert, spreading amongst them civilization, military discipline, and, above all, fomenting the hatred of a foreign yoke; and, in fact, there has not been a single fight between the French and the Arabs, where Abd-el-Kader, like the Arabian phoenix, has not fallen with his cavalry upon the invaders of his country: and the *Moniteur Universel* of 7th August, 1842, announcing a great check that Gen. Changrenier has lately met with in Algeria, ascribes it to the unexpected and powerful attack of the ex-emir of Mascara, at the head of the Arabian cavalry, adding that this time Abd-el-Kader had returned into the desert towards Morocco: and Gen. Bougaud, in his official report of the operations of the army under his command, dated the 17th September, 1842, assures the minister of war that the power and influence of the ex-emir had been entirely annihilated, and that all the Arabian chiefs had at last abandoned him. Notwithstanding this declaration, on the 22nd of December, 1842, Abd-el-Kader, at the head of a numerous cavalry, and supported by many Arabian chiefs, again entered into

the French possessions, suddenly attacking the province of Miliana, massacred the military posts, and destroyed all the habitations and farms of the French colonists; and, after having bravely defended himself from the attacks of the army under General Changrenier, disappeared from the scene of battle, and went to foment amongst the Arabs of the desert their natural hostility against the invaders.

Thus we find that in the beginning of January, 1843, many tribes, which had submitted to the French yoke, all of a sudden have revolted, and resumed warlike operations under the command of Abd-el-Kader; and so alarming were their movements, that General Bougaud was compelled to put himself at the head of all his forces, the garrison of Algiers included, in order to check the spreading of this insurrection, which has again manifested itself amongst the Arabs; while General Changrenier, with the troops under his command, has advanced from Miliana to support the operations of the commander-in-chief. Notwithstanding all these imposing and well-combined plans, General Bougaud, in his despatches of the 5th February last, announces to the French government that, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather and the impracticability of the roads, he has not been able to destroy Abd-el-Kader and his adherents; but in the meantime, he adds, that he has severely punished the chiefs of those tribes who had embraced the cause of the ex-emir, and that, as soon as the season will permit, he will put an end to the war in northern Africa. However, the *Moniteur Universel* of the 3d of April instant, publishes a report of General Bougaud to the minister-at-war, by which it appears, that on the 14th February last the French division under the command of General Bar, which, according to the plan of the commander-in-chief, was advancing towards the revolted Arabian tribes, was so suddenly and bravely attacked by the Arabs under the command of Abd-el-Kader, that it was not only defeated, but compelled to fall back in great confusion into Algeria; and this unexpected check has so much deranged the military operations of the French, that General Bougaud has been obliged to alter the plans he had formed for the spring campaign.

But Abd-el-Kader is still at liberty, and wandering amongst his Arabs: and the minister at war has already demanded one million five hundred thousand pounds for the service of the army employed in Algeria in 1843; and this exorbitant sum does not portend any speedy settlement of the Guerilla warfare which is raging between the French and the Arabs.

In a country like northern Africa, and with a spirit like that of the Arabian chief, it is difficult to foretell the result of this contest. The power of France may prolong the war until his energies are exhausted; but, however that may be he has already done enough to deserve to be handed down to posterity as a man who, born and bred in a barbarous country, and in the midst of ignorant and savage tribes, has by his own exertions greatly improved his natural abilities; and, through his unremitting efforts, good example, and enduring perseverance, has already effected a wonderful revolution in his country—having introduced civilization and financial and commercial organization into his dominions, and military discipline and habits amongst his soldiers and the other inhabitants of the desert.

Abd-el Kader is a man of delicate health. His person is below the middle size, his complexion pale, and his eyes rather thoughtful and melancholy. He is naturally a man of few words, but when engaged in conversation he is full of animation and brilliant imagination. By a strange peculiarity amongst his countrymen, he has had but one wife, the daughter of his paternal uncle, whom he married when he became emir of Mascara, and with whom he has always lived in perfect conjugal harmony during both his prosperity and adversity. When he is not in the field of battle, his manner of living is both simple and laborious. During his greatness, every morning at six o'clock he attended the halls of audience, where a vast number of his subjects daily resorted, in order to obtain his advice and decision on any subject that concerned their welfare. At twelve o'clock he retired into his private cabinet, and there remained until three, attending to his own affairs, and to the despatch of public business. At six o'clock, P. M., he regularly attended the mosque, where, every Friday, to fulfil his duty as a Marabout, he read the prayers, and explained the Koran to the congregation. Thus, the emir of Mascara became daily more popular amongst his countrymen.

CROSSING THE URAL.—A NIGHT ATTACK BY WOLVES.

*** On reaching the foot of the Ural mountains, the cold had so much increased that it became advisable to substitute a sledge for our wheels. We stopped at a miserable village, composed of a score of hovels, in order to effect this exchange, and entered a wretched hut, which did duty both as posting-house and as the only inn in the place. Eight or nine men, carriers by trade, were crowded round a large fire, lighted in the centre of the room, and the smoke of which found a vent through a hole in the roof. They paid no attention to our entrance; but when I had taken off my cloak, my uniform at once obtained for us the best place at the hearth. The landlord of this wretched hostelry met my enquiries about supper with a stare of astonishment, and offered me a huge loaf of hard black bread as the whole contents of his larder. Ivan, however, presently appeared, having managed to forage out a couple of fowls, which, in an inconceivably short space of time, were plucked, and one of them simmering in an iron pot over the fire, while the other hung suspended by a string in front of the blaze. Supper over, we wrapped ourselves in our furs, and lay down upon the floor, beds in such a place being of course out of the question.

Before daybreak, I awoke, and found Ivan and the carriers already afoot, and in consultation as to the practicability of continuing our journey. The question was at last decided in favour of the march; the waggoners hastened to harness their horses, and I went to inspect our carriage, which the village blacksmith had taken off its wheels and mounted upon a sledge. Ivan meantime was foraging for provisions, and shortly returned with a ham, some tolerable bread, and half a dozen bottles of a sort of reddish brandy, made, I believe, out of the bark of the birchtree.

At length all was ready, and off we set, our sledge going first, followed by the carriers' waggons. Our new companions, according to a custom existing among them, had chosen one of their number as a chief, whose experience and judgment were to direct the movements of the party, and whose orders were to be obeyed in all things. Their choice had fallen on a man named George, whose age I should have guessed to be fifty, but who, I learned with astonishment, was upwards of seventy years old. He was a powerful and muscular man, with black piercing eyes, overhung by thick shaggy eyebrows, which, as well as his long beard, were of an iron grey. His dress consisted of a woollen shirt and trousers, a fur cap, and a sheepskin with the wool turned inside. To the leathern belt round his waist were suspended two or three horse-shoes, a metal fork and spoon, a long-bladed knife, a small hatchet, and a sort of wallet, in which he carried pipe, tobacco, flint, steel, nails, money, and a variety of other things useful or necessary in his mode of life. The garb, and equipment of the other carriers were, with some small differences, the same.

The first day's journey passed without incident. Our march was slow and even dangerous, all trace of the road being obliterated, and we were obliged to feel our way, as it were, by sending men forward with long pikes to sound the depth of snow before us. At nightfall, however, we found ourselves in safety on a sort of platform surmounted by a few pine-trees. Here we established our bivouac. Branches were cut, and a sort of hut built; and, with the aid of enormous fires, the night passed in greater comfort than might have been expected on a mountain-side, and with snow many feet deep around us.

At daybreak we were again in movement. Our difficulties increased as we ascended the mountain: the snow lay in prodigious masses, and more than once we were delayed by having to rescue one or other of our advanced guard from some hole or ravine into which he had fallen. No serious accident, however, occurred, and we had at length the satisfaction of finding ourselves descending. We had passed the highest point of the road.

We had been going downhill for some three hours, the way zig-zagging among rocks and precipices, when suddenly we were startled by a loud cracking, followed by a noise that resembled a clap of thunder repeated by many echoes. At the same moment a sort of whirlwind swept by us, and the air was darkened by a cloud of snow-dust. "An avalanche!" cried George, stopping his waggon. Every body halted. In another instant the noise ceased, the air became clear, and the avalanche continued its downward course, breaking as it passed, a couple of gigantic pines that grew upon a rock, some five hundred feet below us. The carriers gave a hurra of joy at their escape, nor was it without reason. Had we been only half a verst further on our road, our journey had been at an end.

The avalanche had not passed, however, without doing us some harm, for, on reaching the part of the road over which it had swept, we found it blocked up by a wall of snow thirty feet thick and of great height. There were several hours' work for all of us to clear it away; but unfortunately it was already nightfall, and we were obliged to make up our minds to remain where we were till morning.

No wood was to be had either for hut or fire. The want of the latter was most unfortunate; for independently of the cold rendering it very necessary, it was our chief protection against the wolves. Doing the best we could under such unfavourable circumstances, we drew up the carts in the form of a half circle, of which the two extremities rested against the wall of snow in our rear, and within the sort of fortification thus formed we placed the horses and our sledge. Our arrangements were scarcely completed when it became perfectly dark.

In the absence of fire Louise's supper and mine consisted of dry bread. The carriers, however, made a hearty meal on the flesh of a bear which they had killed that morning, and which they seemed to consider as good raw as cooked.

I was regretting the want of any description of light in case of an attack from the wolves, when Louise suddenly recollected that Ivan had put the lanterns belonging to the travelling carriage into our *télégramme* when we changed horses. On searching I found them under the seat, each furnished with a thick wax taper.

This was, indeed, a treasure. We could not hope to scare away the wolves by the light of our two candles; but it would enable us to see them coming, and to give them a proper reception. We tied the lanterns to the top of two poles fixed firmly in the snow, and saw with pleasure that they cast their clear pale light nearly fifty yards around our encampment.

We were ten men in all. Two stood sentry on the carts, while the remainder set to work to pierce through the obstacle left by the avalanche. The snow had already become slightly frozen, so that they were able to cut a passage through it. I joined the working party as being a warmer occupation than standing sentry. For three or four hours we toiled incessantly, and the birch-tree brandy, with which I had provided myself, and which we had carefully economized, was now found most useful in giving strength and courage to the labourers.

It was about eleven o'clock at night when a long howl was heard, which sounded so close and startling that with one accord we suspended our work. At the same moment old George, who was on sentry, called to us. We ran to the waggons and jumped upon them. A dozen enormous wolves were prowling about the outside edge of the bright circle thrown by our lanterns. Fear of the light kept them off; but each moment they were growing bolder, and it was easy to see that they would not be long without attacking us.

I looked to the priming of my carbine and pistols. Ivan was similarly armed; but the carriers had only their pikes, hatchets, and knives. With these weapons, however, they boldly awaited the attack.

Half an hour passed in this state of suspense, the wolves occasionally advancing a pace or two into the circle of light, but always retreating again. At length one of them approached so near that I asked George if it would not be advisable to reward his temerity with a bullet.

"Yes," was the answer, "if you are certain of hitting him."

"Why must I be certain?"

"Because if you kill him his companions will amuse themselves with eating him; to be sure," added he to himself, "if once they taste blood they will be mad for more."

"The mark is so good," said I, "I can hardly miss him."

"Fire, then, in God's name!" returned George; "all this must have an end one way or the other."

Before the words were out of his mouth I fired, and the wolf writhed in agony on the snow. In an instant half a dozen wolves darted forward, and, seizing their comrade, carried him off into the darkness.

The howlings now increased, and it was evident more wolves were arriving. At length there was a moment's silence.

"Do you hear the horses," said George, "how they neigh and paw? It is a signal for us to be prepared."

"I thought the wolves were gone," replied I; "they have left off howling."

"No, they have finished their repast, and are preparing for an attack. Here they come."

And that moment eight or ten wolves, that in the imperfect flickering light looked as big as jackasses, rushed forward, and instead of endeavouring to pass under the waggons, bounded boldly upon them. By some chance, however, none of them attacked the waggon on which I was posted.

The cart on my right, defended by George, was assailed by three wolves, one of which was immediately disabled by a thrust of the vigorous old man's pike. A ball from my carbine settled another, and seeing George's hatchet raised over the head of the third I knew he wanted no further aid, and looked to see what was going on to my left. Two wolves had attacked the waggon which was defended by one of George's sons, who received the first of his foes with a lance thrust. But apparently no vital part was touched, and the wolf had broken the pike with his teeth; so that for a moment the man opposed to

him had nothing but the pole wherewith to defend himself. The second wolf was scrambling along the cart, and on the point of attacking him, when I sprang from one waggon to another, and fired one of my pistols into the animal's ear. He fell dead beside his companion, who was rolling in the snow, and making violent efforts to tear the broken lance from his wound.

Meantime Ivan was hard at work, and I heard a carbine or two pistol shots, which told me that our adversaries were as warmly received on the left as on the right of the line. An instant later four wolves again crossed the circle of light, but this time in full retreat; and at the same moment, to our no small astonishment, three others, that we had thought dead or mortally wounded, raised themselves up and followed their companions, leaving large tracks of blood behind them. Three carcasses remained upon the field of battle.

"Load again, and quickly," cried George. "I know their ways; they will be back directly." And the old man pointed with his finger into the darkness. I listened, and heard distant howlings replying to the nearer ones. What we had as yet had was a mere skirmish. The general engagement was to come.

"Look behind you!" cried a voice. I turned and saw two fiery eyes gleaming on the top of the snow wall in our rear. Before I could draw a trigger the wolf gave a leap, and falling upon one of the horses struck his fangs into its throat. Three men left their waggons.

"There is but one wolf," cried George, "and one man is enough. Let the others remain at their posts."

Two of the men resumed their places. The third crept upon his hands and knees among the horses who, in their terror, were kicking and plunging violently, and throwing themselves against the carts by which they were surrounded. The next instant I saw the gleam of a knife blade, and the wolf let go the horse, which reared up on its hind-legs, the blood streaming from its throat. A dark mass was rolling and struggling on the ground. It was the man and the wolf.

At the end of a few seconds the man stood up. "David," said he to one of his comrades, "come and help me to carry away this carrion. The horses won't be quiet while it lies here."

They dragged the wolf towards George's waggon, and then raising it up from the ground, the old man took it by the hind-legs, as though it had been a hare, and threw it outside the line of carts.

"Well, Nicholas," said George to the successful combatant, "don't you take your place again."

"No," replied the other; "I have enough as it is."

"Are you wounded?" cried Louise, opening the door of the *télégramme*.

"I believe I have killed my last wolf," answered the poor fellow in a faint voice.

I gave George my carbine, and hastened to the wounded man. A part of his jaw was torn away, and the blood flowed abundantly from a large wound in his neck. I for a moment feared that the carotid artery was opened, and scarcely knowing whether I did right or wrong, I seized a handful of snow and applied it to the wound. The sufferer uttered a cry and fainted away.

"O God!" cried Louise, "have mercy upon him!"

"To your posts," shouted George in a stentorian voice; "the wolves are upon us."

I left the wounded man in Louise's care, and jumped upon the cart.

I can give no details of the combat that followed. I had too much occupation myself to attend to what my companions were doing. We were attacked by at least twenty wolves at once. After discharging my two pistols, I armed myself with an axe that George gave me. The fight lasted nearly a quarter of an hour, and certainly the scene was one of the most terrible it is possible to imagine. At length, and just as I was splitting the skull of a wolf that hung on to one of the wheels of my waggon, a shout of victory resounded along our line, and again our enemies fled, but this time it was for good.

Three of our men were wounded, besides Nicholas, who was still alive, but in a desperate state. We were obliged to shoot the horse that had been torn by the wolf.

By daybreak, a passage was opened through the wall of snow, and we resumed our journey. The evening of the same day we reached a small village, where we found again, that, under any other circumstances, would have been pronounced abominable, but which appeared a palace after three such days as we had passed. The following morning we parted from our friends the carriers, leaving George five hundred rubles to divide among them.

LORD HOWE ON THE FIRST OF JUNE.

BY JOSEPH ALLEN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S WOODEN WALLS," &c.

Most aptly has the term "glorious" been applied to each returning anniversary of the grand triumph over Republican France achieved by the veteran Howe and his brave Commanders; and although the theme is far from novel, we feel that even those most familiar with its details will not object to our going once more over the ground, even though it is well trodden.

At daylight on this memorable First of June the French fleet, consisting of one ship of 120 guns, two of 110, four of 80, and eighteen of 74 guns, being to leeward, was seen from the British fleet formed in line ahead on the larboard tack, and at 5 h. a.m. the signal was made from the Queen Charlotte to bear up north-west, and close the enemy. The British fleet, therefore, in line abreast, stood towards the French fleet in the following order, beginning from the westernmost ship:—Cæsar, Bellerophon, Leviathan, Russell, Royal Sovereign, Marlborough, Defence, Impregnable, Tremendous, Barfleur, Invincible, Culloden, Gibraltar, Queen Charlotte, Brunswick, Valiant, Orion, Queen, Ramillies, Alfred, Montagu, Royal George, Majestic, Glory, Thunderer. The frigates, Phaëton, Latona, Niger, Southampton, Venus, Aquilon, and Pegasus, and also fire-ships and smaller vessels, were, as usual, stationed in the rear, or as repeaters of signals.

The two fleets being, at about 7 h. 30 m. a.m., distant only three or four miles from each other, Lord Howe considerably made the signal for his fleet to bring to, in order that the men might have time to get their breakfasts. This was very needful; as for the three preceding days the people had not been in their hammocks. Their hasty meal over, at twelve minutes past eight the signal was made to bear up, and for each ship to engage her proper opponent in the enemy's line.

It was Lord Howe's intention that each ship should pass *through* the enemy's line, and engage to leeward; but, unhappily, this order was either not understood, or was, at least, disregarded by the majority of the Captains: for, had it been universally acted upon, the number of trophies must have been greatly increased. But to proceed. The Queen Charlotte, upon whose movements all eyes were fixed, at a little before half-past nine had reached nearly the centre of the French line. Steering a direct course for the Montagne, of 120 guns, which bore the flag of the French Commander-in-Chief, Rear-Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, the Queen Charlotte disregarded the fire opened upon her as she ob-

liquely approached the object of attack. Desirous of setting the example of breaking the line, Lord Howe, finding the Brunswick (Capt. John Harvey) likely to rob him of the honour, ordered the Charlotte's topgallant sails to be set, and dropped her courses. This soon carried the gallant Admiral past the intervening ships in the French line, and brought him close upon the weather quarter of the Montagne.

We here beg to introduce the Master of the Queen Charlotte, an officer whom Lord Howe did not scruple to own himself indebted to for services rendered upon this occasion. Sir John Barrow, in his *Life of the Earl*, thus notices Mr. Bowen:—"In a letter to Lord Chatham Lord Howe says, 'Though I don't know that the letter I now trouble you with is at all necessary, yet, as it regards the interests of a very deserving officer, who is apprehensive of being a sufferer in consequence of his readiness to leave a quiet and profitable, to engage in a laborious and active station in the fleet, I trust that no other apology will be requisite to justify the mention of the circumstance at this time. Mr. Bowen, the Master of this ship, whose merits I believe have been noticed to your Lordship by the Comptroller, was employed by the Navy Board, as their Agent in the Army transport business; an office deemed both advantageous and permanent, and in the discharge of which he gave the greatest satisfaction. Upon my being nominated to the command of the Channel Fleet he made an offer of his services for the important station he now occupies in the fleet, in the hope he would not be deemed thereby to forfeit his pretensions to be reinstated in his civil employment when his continuance with the fleet becomes no longer needful.' And he adds, 'If there be any obstacle to this I must forego the advantage I derive from his peculiar knowledge of the Channel Navigation, and other services in the fleet, and part with him, that he may not lose the advantage of the employment he covets to retain.'" Lord Howe did not, it will be seen, make an imperfect estimate of the value of his Master.

Just as the Queen Charlotte, at about 10 h., had reached the weather quarter of the Montagne, and was on the point of putting the helm up, to pass under her opponent's stern, and take up the Admiral's meditated position on the lee-bow of the French Admiral's ship, the Montagne's next second astern, the 80-gun ship Jacobin, was observed stretching ahead, and proceeding to occupy the station which Lord Howe craved. At this moment the greatest decision and coolness was required, and the brave veteran at once determined to fulfil his previous intention even should the Charlotte run on board the Jacobin in the attempt. Having communicated this determination to Mr. Bowen, that officer, says Sir John Barrow, "with the blunt and resolute tone peculiarly his own, called out, 'That's right, my Lord, the Charlotte will make room for herself.'"

The Queen Charlotte, in furtherance of the Admiral's design, was now, therefore, within a few feet only of the Jacobin, and from the course then steering she must very soon have run her on board; another minute and a tremendous collision would have taken place, but Mr. Bowen, with the quick sight of an accomplished seaman, at this moment observed that the rudder of the Jacobin was ported, and that that ship was in the act of bearing up. Immediately he ordered the Queen Charlotte's helm to be put hard down, but so near were the ships together that in luffing up the Queen Charlotte's jib-boom grazed the Jacobin's weather mizen-shrouds. The two broadsides of the Charlotte were then discharged with terrific effect; the larboard into the lee quarter of the Montagne, and the starboard into the stern of the Jacobin. But Lord Howe was doomed to lose the reward of his valour by the fall of his ship's foretopmast, in consequence of which the Montagne was enabled to range ahead of her, and bearing up across her bows made sail to leeward.

Singularly enough the Montagne did not fire a shot in return for the two or three broadsides she had received, which can only be accounted for by the fact that it was customary in the French Navy to clear for action only on one side, and not imagining that the British Admiral would so far depart from the ordinary rules of fighting as to engage to leeward, the larboard guns were alone ready for use. This omission was the more difficult to remedy in consequence of the awful carnage caused by the Charlotte's broadside; and so thoroughly stunned did the Montagne appear by this tremendous blow that she did not round to until nearly three miles to leeward.

The Queen Charlotte, however, found a fresh opponent in the 80-gun ship Juste, which ship was engaged also by the Invincible from to windward, and continued engaging her until all three of her lower masts fell. The French ship was gallantly defended, and after being dismasted, hoisted a French jack upon a pike, wore round under her spritsail, and passing under the Charlotte's stern, fired a few shots, one of which, a 36-pounder, actually penetrated through the Charlotte's wing transom. The Queen Charlotte was now in a most disabled state; and at this juncture a large three-decked ship was observed on her weather quarter, under a press of sail, standing towards her. But just as a close exchange of broadsides was about to take place between this ship, which was the French 110-gun ship Republicain, and the Queen Charlotte, the three lower masts of the French ship went over the side. The latter then drifted slowly under the stern of the Queen Charlotte in great confusion, and without firing a shot.

In order to succour the Queen, which ship was observed in some danger from the movements of the French Commander-in-Chief, the Queen Charlotte soon afterwards, having lost both fore and main topmasts, with some difficulty wore round upon the starboard tack, and calling some of the fleet around her stood towards the Queen, upon which the French ships bore up and left her without further molestation.

To describe in proper detail the proceedings of each ship engaged on this eventful day would lead us far beyond our limits; nor is it essential that this should be done. It must, therefore, be taken as granted, that each British ship performed her part, as in most general actions, some most gloriously, and others with apparent lukewarmness; but every ship cannot be alike distinguished, and we are assured that no jealousy will arise at the few selections we shall make from among the number engaged.

The first on the roll of Fame, as connected with the glorious First of June, will ever be the Brunswick; whose brave Captain, by his heroism, earned a name second to none who on that day added to Britannia's laurels. The oblique mode of closing the enemy's ships, and the advanced position of the Brunswick, in fact, the latter being close abreast of the Queen Charlotte, led to her receiving much of the fire directed at the Admiral's ship. From this cause the Brunswick's cockpit was half filled with killed and wounded before she returned a shot, and her masts, sails, and rigging were much damaged. Captain Harvey intended, in obedience to Lord Howe's orders, to pass under the stern of the Jacobin, but the latter having ranged ahead, as before described, and the Achille, the Jacobin's next astern, having taken her place, he found this to be impracticable, and that he must pass through the opening between the Achille and Vengeur. The latter ship, however, in order to frustrate this design, made sail ahead, and the Brunswick was left with no alternative but to run the Vengeur on board, unless, indeed, Captain Harvey disregarded his orders and

rounded to, to windward. Putting her helm down, therefore, to avoid the tremendous effects which must otherwise have ensued from the collision, the Brunswick fell alongside her opponent, and her best bower, sheet, and stream anchors hooked the Vengeur's weather fore, main, and mizen chains. The two ships then paid round off before the wind and left the scene of action.

It is reported that the Master of the Brunswick, Mr. George Stuart, asked Captain Harvey if they should cut adrift from the French ship, when the latter replied, "No—we have got her, and we will keep her." One of the most determined actions on record then took place, each individual of the crews of both ships fighting as if the fate of their respective countries depended upon their exertions; and fast and furious became the contest. Eight of the Brunswick's lower-deck ports being found jammed by the Vengeur's side were quickly blown off, and the muzzles of the guns touching each other vomited forth their deadly fire.

The Vengeur's musketry played, in the meanwhile, sad havoc upon the Brunswick's poop and quarter-deck, and having 36-pounder cannonades on the poop, from which langridge was fired, officers and men fell rapidly before it. A party of the 29th Regiment, doing duty as Marines, commanded by Captain Alexander Saunders, made a most effectual return by the steadiness of the fire; but at length their gallant Captain fell dead upon the deck. Captain Harvey was wounded by a musket ball, which tore away three fingers of his right hand, but binding his handkerchief round his hand he continued at his post as before. Several other officers also were killed and wounded about the same time.

At about 11 h. a large ship was observed on the larboard quarter of the Brunswick bearing down upon her, having her fore-castle, gangways, and lower rigging crowded with men, with the apparent intention of boarding the Brunswick and of relieving the Vengeur. As many of the larboard guns as would bear were therefore pointed at the stranger, which was the Achille, and a double-headed shot, in addition to the round shot already in the gun, was put into each. The Achille, having advanced to within a musket-shot, these guns were fired with deliberate aim, and this being repeated four or five times, the foremast, being the only remaining mast of the Achille, fell over the bows. Some of the Brunswick's people, however, and also a writer in the Naval Chronicle, have contended that the Achille lost all three of her masts by the Brunswick's fire; but this is more than doubtful, as that ship had been for some time previously engaged by the Valiant, and also by the Queen Charlotte. The dismasted Achille being unable to clear away the wreck of her masts, which had fallen over the starboard side, could not make any adequate return to the smart firing of the Brunswick, and therefore hauled down her colours. Having, however, an opponent already attached to her, whose vigorous fire was as yet un subdued, the Brunswick could not spare the men to take possession of the prizes, which, after a time, re-hoisted her colours and bore up under her sprit sail.

The firing, which had lasted between the Brunswick and Vengeur for an hour and a half, without a moment's cessation, continued as vigorous as before. By this time the quarter-deck of the British ship was nearly deserted, but the main and lower-decks guns were fired with great effect. Watching the roll of their adversary, the Brunswick's men depressed and elevated their guns so as to pass the shot upwards and downwards through her decks.

In the heat of the action Captain Harvey was knocked down by a splinter, which struck him on his loins, but he regained his legs, although seriously hurt, and continued to animate his men. Shortly afterwards, the crown of a double-headed shot, which had split, struck his right arm and shattered it to pieces. Finding himself growing faint from loss of blood, he was now obliged to leave the deck; and on assistance being proffered him he heroically refused, saying, "I will not have a single man leave his quarters on my account. My legs still remain to bear me down into the cockpit." "In this wounded and shattered state," says his biographer in the Naval Chronicle, "he essayed to go, when casting a languid yet affectionate look towards his brave crew he said, '*Persevere, my brave lads, in your duty! Continue the action with spirit for the honour of our king and country; and remember my last words: THE COLOURS OF THE BRUNSWICK SHALL NEVER BE STRUCK!*'" The command of the Brunswick now devolved upon Lieutenant William Edward Cracraft, who fought the ship with great bravery until about half an hour after noon. At 12 h. 45 m. the two ships having been in contact three hours, separated, after tearing away the Brunswick's anchors from their fastenings. The Ramillies, (Captain Henry Harvey, brother to the Brunswick's Captain,) almost a fresh ship, now opportunely advanced to the Brunswick's assistance, and also in time to have saved the remnant of the Vengeur's devoted crew, but perceiving the Achille making off under her spritsail, "or," as says the writer in the Naval Chronicle, "another ship bearing down upon them," the Ramillies quitted the two exhausted combatants, and made sail away.

At 1 h. p. m. all firing between the Brunswick and Vengeur had ceased, the Vengeur having displayed a British union jack over the quarter in token of surrender, and as a means of procuring assistance. But the Brunswick had no boat to send, and could not afford the assistance which would then have been gratefully accepted. At 1 h. 30 m. the Brunswick's mizen-mast fell; and at this time the Vengeur had removed the union jack to the larboard cross-jack yardarm. Finding, from the Brunswick's disabled state, that it would be impossible to haul up for the fleet, Lieutenant Cracraft determined on bearing up to the northward; and accordingly her crew were soon busily engaged in fishing the wounded masts, and in securing the lower-deck ports, and stopping the shot-holes through which the sea was now rushing at every roll of the ship. We must now quit the gallant Brunswick, which fortunately reached Plymouth unassisted, and return to her brave antagonist.

Just as the Brunswick quitted the Vengeur, her fore and mainmasts fell, and the ship rolled a complete and sinking wreck. In this state, the crew became almost frenzied; and finding no ship—English or French—approaching to their capture or rescue, rushed to the spirit room! The English flag was also torn down, and the frantic wretches re-hoisting their flag, endeavoured to get the ship before the wind, in the hope of reaching a friendly port. Fortunately, the Alfred and Culloden, accompanied by the cutter Rattler, Lieut. John Winne, at about 6 h. p. m., approached to their rescue, and the most strenuous endeavours were used to save the remaining crew of the sinking ship. The boats of the Alfred took off 213, and those of the Culloden and Rattler—which latter was most instrumental—as many more, so that when the ship went down, scarcely any but the badly wounded could have perished in her. The waving of the tri-coloured flag, and the cries of "*Vive la Nation*," "*Vive la République*," which some of the drowning wretches are described as uttering, might possibly have been used by those, who, having imbibed most freely of the contents of the spirit room, were even at that awful moment to them, still under its maddening influence. Capt. Renaudin, whose conduct did unbounded honour to his country, and his son,—a young Midshipman, were taken off in the

* Capt. Harvey having undergone amputation of his arm, died on the 30th June.

boats of two different ships, and each believed the other to have perished; but both happily met at Portsmouth.

The Marlborough, Capt. the Honourable George Berkeley, also bore a conspicuous part in the day's victory. The station occupied by this ship was next to the Royal Sovereign, and shortly before 10 o'clock she commenced firing upon the 74-gun ship Impetueux. Passing under that ship's stern, the Marlborough brought her to close action to leeward, and after a most spirited cannonading for about a quarter of an hour, the Impetueux paid round off, and fell foul of the British ship with her bowsprit over the Marlborough's larboard quarter. The Impetueux's masts shortly afterwards came down. This was hardly done, when another 74-gun ship—the Mucius—having made sail a-head to avoid the Defence, attempted to pass ahead of the Marlborough and rake her: but from bad steering, dropped foul of the quarter of the Impetueux, and fell with her bowsprit over that of the Marlborough. The three ships thus formed a triangle; but as from their position the broadside of the Marlborough bore obliquely upon each, that ship was enabled to deal well by both. But in addition to the attending to the guns, it was necessary to resist boarders, and several vigorous attempts of this nature were made: these were, however, repelled by the steadiness of the troops, and the able working of the cannonades. In a short time the lower masts of the Mucius fell, and the two dismantled ships received the well-directed shot of the Marlborough, almost without return, and without re-hoisting their colours. The Marlborough meanwhile, had lost all three lower masts, and her loss had been very heavy. Capt. Berkeley was severely wounded, and obliged to quit the deck, and Lieut. John Monkton took the command. The Marlborough, after dropping clear of her opponents—both of which were taken possession of by other ships—was fired into by the French rear ships as they passed her, to which no adequate return could be made; but at length, the Aquilon frigate, Capt. the Honourable Robert Stopford, observing her helpless state, gallantly advanced to her assistance, and took her in tow, upon which the Marlborough's crew gave the frigate three hearty cheers.

The Queen and Defence fought most gallantly, and the former lost her main and mizenmasts; and did our space allow, we might enumerate many more ships which nobly sustained the honour of the British flag.

That some ships, however, kept aloof, from whatever cause, is a melancholy truth; and Lord Howe thought it incumbent upon him to make a distinction in his official letter between those ships which appeared to him to have acted meritoriously, and those which had failed in their duty. This was done by putting a dash under each ship's name of whose proceedings he approved; and in consequence of this step only the Captains of those ships thus marked were awarded medals for the victory. In one or two instances, the exceptions were unjust, and in others severe; while in some cases a court-martial ought to have been constituted the umpire and have passed a proper sentence upon real defaulters. With this, however, we will not presume further to interfere, but will only add, that Capt. Molloy, of the *Cæsar*, taking umbrage at a passage in Lord Howe's letter, had sufficient spirit to demand a court-martial upon himself, the sentence of which was a perfect exoneration as far as his personal courage was concerned, but dismissal from his ship for not having done his best to pass through the enemy's line on the 29th of May, and for not having taken a proper station on the 1st of June.

The rewards which followed to those concerned in this victory are well known. Lord Howe never lost sight of Mr. Bowen, and under such auspices, at such a time, he rose in fifteen months to be a Post Captain. In these days to have attained to this rank would have occupied him, at the shortest possible period, three years; and it may be a question whether Mr. Bowen would have relinquished the lucrative situation he had left for the prospect which, under present circumstances, would have been presented to him. The Master did not do discredit to his Captain's commission, and still lives in the pleasing remembrance of many. The First of June action was a paralysing blow to *La Jeune France*, and the veteran Howe received an acknowledgement from his Sovereign's own hands never before made by a King to a subject,—we allude to the costly sword which was presented to him upon the Queen Charlotte's deck.

THE "PLUMMY."

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

PART I.

In a narrow and thickly-populated alley, just without the walls of old London, there was, and perhaps still exists, a coal-shed,—a dark, gaping, dingy recess, well filled with coals, and in one corner a pile of firewood, technically termed "penny bundle,"—a fringe of ropes of onions, suspended from the once white-washed ceiling, and a whole barrel of Yarmouth bloaters at the door. A back room, dimly seen in the distance served as "parlor, and kitchen, and all," to the owner of the establishment, consisting of Job Cole, his wife, and two daughters, of the respective ages of twelve and ten. The upper part of the three-storied house, with the exception of the attics, was let out to lodgers, at weekly rents, varying from five shillings to half-a-crown.

One morning in the month of March, Job Cole was busily employed in measuring a bushel of real Walsend, scientifically heaping the measure to a perfect cone, when a genteel man walked into the shed, and asked "if Mr. Cole was within?"

"If it's Job Cole you want, I'm the man," replied the retailer of fuel.

"Can I have a few words with you in private?" demanded his visitor.

"Why, I don't see no objections to that," replied Job, "if so be you'll wait till I've carried these coals. Fust come fust served, all the world over, you know; at least it's al'ays bin my maximum.—Shan't be long.—Here, Fanny—Fanny, you slut, come and take care o' the shop, while I runs over to Mother Smithers'," bawled he; and down came a girl of twelve years of age, and, upon seeing the stranger, sidled up to the herring-cask, and began playing with the savoury fish, glancing now and then at the gentleman with a look between shyness and fear, who, on his part, endeavoured to enter into conversation with the child, but could extract nothing more than a timid "Yes, sir," or a "No, sir."

Her father, however, soon relieved guard, and throwing down the empty sack cried, "That's the ticket! And now, sir, what's your business?"

"A very agreeable business, I hope, as far as you are concerned, Mr. Cole," replied the stranger. "But, before I communicate the object of my visit, it is necessary that I should ask you a few questions."

"Ax me no questions and I'll tell you no lies, as the saying is," replied Job. "But, howsomdever, go it! You'll excuse me; but the fact is, I care for nobody, for nobody cares for me. I fear no bums, not I. 'Cause why?—I owe nothing to nobody."

"I've heard a good character of you in the neighbourhood," replied the gentleman.

"Don't doubt it," replied Job, with honest confidence. "I should like to

see that man, women, or child that could say black's the white of my eye, that's all. Pay everybody—wish I could say as everybody paid me!"

After a little further parley the gentleman induced Job to invite him to a conference in the little back room.

"Your name is Job Cole, I believe?"

"You've hit it,—right as a trivet," replied Job.

"Your father's name was?"

"Job, too."

"Have you, or had you, any relations?"

"Why, let me see—yes. There's uncle John; but I never set eyes on him. I've h'ard father talk of him. He went to the Ingeys when a youngster,—some—some thirty years ago—yes, thereabouts. But, if it's the relations you want, I can settle your business in a jiffy. Here Fanny, bring down the Bible, you jade."

The Bible was brought, and on the fly-leaf were written the names and dates of birth of Job Cole, and Sarah Cummins, his wife, and his six children, the issue of his marriage.

And where are all these brothers and sisters?" demanded the stranger.

"Dead! dead as herrings—gone to kingdom come a precious long time ago. I'm the only child they reared; and between you and me and the post, I don't think I'm to be squeezed at!"

The gentleman smiled and bowed in acquiescence to the proposition.

"I'm perfectly satisfied," continued he, "of your identity; and I have the pleasure to inform you that, by the death of your uncle John, you are the fortunate heir to a considerable property."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Job. "Gadzooks!—but stop a minute,"—and, rushing to a door which opened on the stairs, he bawled out, "Mother Cole!—I say, mother Cole! My eyes! but if this ain't just like a prize in the lottery. Better born lucky than rich. You'll take a drop o' something, though! What's your liquor?"

At this moment Mrs. Cole, who was busy washing, entered the room, her face flushed with the heat and exertion, and adorned with a broad-bordered cap of the true London smoke tone and colour.

"What the deuce is the matter?" said she, as she wiped her soaped and naked arms upon her blue apron.

"Matter enough," replied Job, with exultation. "Sal, you baggage, this 'ere gentleman says that uncle John, as was in Ingey, has kicked the bucket, and left us lots o' tin."

"Gracious goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, flopping down in a chair. "Well, to be sure! I said something would happen. I see a stranger in the back last night, and a pus popped out on the hearth. Pray, sir, how much may it be now?"

"Really, ma'am, I am not empowered to say; but it is a large sum—a very large sum, I know."

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Cole, relapsing for a moment into silence, and then rising, cried, "Where's the gals? Dear me! it's turned me quite topsy-turvy. Job, do call the gals."

Job obeyed, and Fanny, who had before made her appearance, entered, followed by Dolly, a younger sister about nine years of age.

"Come here and kiss me, dears, do," said Mrs. Cole. "Poor things! There go to your father—we are ladies and gentlemen (!) now, and no mistake. Fanny, go wash your sister's face and hands, and put on her Sunday clothes, and dress yourself—d'ye hear?"

The children, delighted, quitted the parlour to execute her pleasing commands, and enjoy a holiday.

"Excuse me, sir," said Job, "but, if I may be so bold, when shall we touch the ready, and know all about it?"

"Here is the card of my employers, Messrs. Smith, Robinson and Jones, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who will be glad to see you at twelve o'clock to-morrow, if that will suit your convenience, when they will give you every information, and put you in possession of the funds. They also authorized me to say, that if you should require any money, that I was to advance it."

"That's handsome, at any rate," replied Job; "never refuse ready money."

"Spose you tip a five pun note."

"Anything you please," said the obliging gentleman; and taking out his pocket-book, took a note of the amount required from a bundle of the same clumsy valuables.

"What a heap you've got there!" remarked Job, surprised. "I say, excuse me, but will you just let me have a peep at your trotters?"

The gentleman extended his legs, and the superstitious Job, having assured himself that his visitor had really no hoof or tail, received the advance. And then they all laughed heartily, and Job and Mrs. Cole both pressed the bearer of the happy tidings to partake of their hospitality; but he politely declined, promising to avail himself of their invitation when the business was finally settled.

PART II.

At least half an hour before the appointed time, Job and his wife were reconnoitring Lincoln's Inn Fields, to discover the offices of Messrs. Smith, Robinson, and Jones. They both appeared in their Sunday clothes, with some alternation and additions. Job's short, black, scrubby crop of hair being surmounted with a new beaver, rather rough from the admixture of rabbit down, and encircled by a broad riband and a steel buckle; his ruddy, clean-washed face set off to advantage by a canary-coloured Belcher handkerchief, his shirt-collar, in the absence of starch, falling à la Byron; a large red waistcoat, with black spots, a blue coat, with yellow buttons, black smalls, and grey worsted stockings,—no gloves, but grasping an old brown cotton umbrella in his right red hand, for the protection of Mrs. Cole's new bonnet, "purvised it should rain," as she said; and, as she had expended "a matter of thirty shilling" on that article, she felt very anxious about its safety; and a very smart article it was too, being of a mongrel fashion between Whitechapel and the West End, displaying good materials, of a great variety of colours. A shawl, too,—a real "eight quarter" shawl, depended from her broad shoulders, one point whereof nearly touched her heels, and quite eclipsed the beautiful pattern of her smart gingham gown, with which it did not harmonise either in colours or texture; but the poor soul was happy in her ignorance of true taste, although considerably "flustered."

After referring twenty times to the well thumbled card, and reading down the lists of names at almost every door, they discovered the object of their search.

"Caught him at last, neat as ninespence!" exclaimed Job. "Come along, old woman;" and, entering the passage, he knocked at the door—a single timid knock. No answer. He knocked again—a good hard knock, and forgetting in his excitement, the object of his visit, actually cried out "Coals!"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Cole, checking him, "don't be a fool—don't."

The door opened.

"Right as a trivet!" said he.

"What's your business?" demanded the clerk.
 "Business!—oh! that's it," giving the rumpled card. "Don't be afeared on it, young chap. It's rayther a'iled to be sure; but it's all right. We're come about a matter o' money."

"Are you Mr. Cole?"

"Job Cole, at your service."

"Oh!" cried the young man, becoming suddenly flexible, "do me the favour to walk in, sir. Never mind your shoes, ma'am," continued he, addressing Mrs. Cole, who was rubbing her thick soles upon the mat at the door.

They entered the clerk's office, and never were clients more ceremoniously received; one handed chairs, and another the "paper," while a third entered a door, on which "private" was painted in large letters. And they had scarcely seated themselves, before out popped their visitor of yesterday, smiling, and extending his hand.

"Our Mr. Robinson will be disengaged in a few moments, and will be happy to see you Mr. Cole. Good morning! madam," turning to Mrs. Cole, who shook her new bonnet and feathers at him and said, "How d' ye do?"

The clerks were all pretending to be busy at their desks; but were, in fact, scraping away with their nibless pens, and glancing with curious eyes at the fortunate couple.

Their acquaintance kept them in conversation, until summoned by a bell. "Now, if you please," said he, and, opening the door, introduced them to the presence of Mr. Robinson—a gentleman of the "old school," with powdered hair, and gold spectacles, whose bland and easy manners soon made them feel perfectly at home.

Having requested their attention with a little preliminary congratulation upon their good fortune, he proceeded to read the last will and testament of "Uncle John," and, folding it up, continued, "You understand the intent and meaning of this instrument?" inquired Mr. Robinson.

"Not a jot, by the living Jingo!" cried honest Job. "It's all ti-tum-ti and gibberish to me. Pray, sir, can't you give it us in plain English?"

Mr. Robinson smiled.

"Well then, Mr. Cole, in plain English, this will bequeaths to you the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, which at present produces five thousand pounds a-year, or nearly a hundred pounds per week."

"The devil it does!" exclaimed Job; "and what are we to do with it, I should like to know?"

"Whatever you please," replied Mr. Robinson; "it is left entirely at your disposal."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole. "Well, it's better to be born lucky than rich."

"Hold your fool's tongue, do," interrupted Job. "I say, sir, have you the stuff here, or where is the dibs?"

"The money is invested in the Fives in the Bank of England," replied Mr. Robinson, "where I should advise you to keep it."

"But, I say," remarked Job, "do you think it is safe? I've heard of banks breaking, you know."

"It's perfectly safe, depend on't," said Mr. Robinson, smiling. "The half-yearly dividend is due next month, and my clerk shall go with you, if you please to receive it."

"Thank'ee! thank'ee!" replied Job; "I shall feel obleeged if you'll just put us in the way, like, for I don't exactly understand these matters. I s'pose, old woman, we must sell the sticks, and cut the old shop? Perhaps, sir, it may be in your way to sell it; it has a good name, and the returns are not to be sneezed at; it's kept me and mine for a good many years."

"I dare say we shall be able to dispose of the concern," said Mr. Robinson, smiling at the importance he attached to the shop; at the same time he naturally inferred that the honest retailer of coals entertained a very inaccurate idea of the fortune which had unexpectedly devolved to him. "If you will allow me, I will also seek for a suitable house for you; in fact, you will always find me ready to assist and advise you, and to protect your interests."

"We're much obleeged to you, sir, I'm sure; ain't we, Job," said Mrs. Cole.

"Werry," replied Job, lost in thought for a moment. "I tell you what it is, sir, I'm rather daized with this luck, and don't hardly know which way to turn. Now I shouldn't just like to make ass of myself, you know, nor exactly let our neighbours think as we was proud so we'll consider on it. Meantime I should like a trifle just for a shindy. There's my old chum, Tom Simpson the grocer, he's got a large family, and I know he wants a new front, 'cause he's talked to me about it. I s'pose a matter of twenty pounds or so would set all things to right in that quarter. Do you think I may go as far as that?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Robinson; "that is a mere trifle; and although you will, of course, move in different society from what you have been accustomed to, I think it will redound greatly to your honour to remember those friends you have tried, and from whom you have received friendly offices. Suppose I advance you a hundred pounds now, and see me again to-morrow, or the following day."

"I should be afeared to have so much in the house, indeed I should, sir," said Mrs. Cole. "Thirty will be enough, and to spare."

"Lots," said Job.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole sat up nearly the whole night, talking over their great fortune, and forming a thousand different projects for the future; and after putting the amount upon paper, and puzzling over the sum for a considerable time, they at last began to have a glimmering of the extent and value of their possessions.

They were both illiterate, but very good-natured and right-minded people; and Job, in the fulness of his heart, resolved to give away the remainder of his stock to the poor families who regularly dealt with him, and the very next morning his shop was swarmed, and he was so happy.

By the evening his shed was entirely cleared, and he sent to the Bitter Anchor, and borrowed chairs and tables, and ordered a hot supper, with oceans of drink, for all his friends and their families in the neighbourhood, amounting to about thirty persons in all. It was, in truth, a merry meeting, and the conviviality was kept up till a late hour.

His chum, Tom Simpson, was eloquent and grateful, for Job had dropped in on the morning to invite him, and told him he had had a bit of good luck in the way of a legacy; and then touched upon the coveted new front to his premises.

"I'll stand a trifle towards it. Here, catch hold, Tom!" said he, putting a twenty-pound note into his hand, "and don't forget to come at eight,"

and away he ran, leaving the astonished grocer in ecstasies at his unostentatious liberality.

The next day the empty shed was opened as usual; and at eleven o'clock Job and his spouse repaired again to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Fortunately they had fallen into excellent hands, for the firm was not only highly respectable, but the Mr. Robinson they had seen was a gentleman, and a man of property, and felt a great interest in the honest legatee. He took a house for them, and furnished it; and at once proposed that the two girls should be forthwith sent to a first rate boarding-school.

In respect of the father and mother, there existed a greater difficulty, for, as Job quaintly observed, "It was a difficult thing to teach an old dog new tricks."

Mr. Robinson, however, recommended a young gentleman of polished manners, but blessed with no fortune, who was to fill the situation of tutor, steward, secretary, and companion to Job; and also provided Mrs. Cole with a companion and housekeeper, "to learn her manners," as Job said, laughing.

They both, however, had sense enough to see the propriety of this arrangement, and in six months had certainly made considerable advance, especially Mrs. Cole, for women of all grades are naturally more genteel than the male part of the creation; as for Job, he could not for the life of him give up his accursed pipe, and his pint of porter in the veritable pewter, before he retired for the night; and this was the only luxury of his former days that he could not be prevailed upon to abandon. The girls rapidly improved and Job himself declared that he was convinced that education was a fine thing, after all.

They could not, however, expend one-half of their income; the luxuries of the richly-born they could neither understand nor appreciate; but they gave away a vast sum in charity, although Job would not allow his name to be "stuck" in the papers.

Mr. Robinson, who was a real friend, invited them frequently to his table in a family way, until, finding they were presentable, he gradually introduced them and their children in society; and, as there was neither pride on Job's part, nor a vulgar assumption on his wife's, they were everywhere well received, and gave in return such pleasant parties under the direction and management of Mr. Frederick Lawson, the tutor, who was every way fitted by birth and taste to do the honours in an admirable manner that their numerous acquaintances eagerly accepted the invitations, especially after the first party, when many went out of mere curiosity, but returned home with expressions of delight and amazement at the display. Job had discrimination enough to discover that it was not his money alone that made these parties pass so pleasantly, but that it was the skilful arrangement of his tutor.

On his first engagement he had paid him two hundred pounds per annum; but hearing that he had a widowed mother and two sisters, whom he supported, he generously added another hundred, and gave a hint to Mrs. Cole to make them presents now and then, out of her superfluities, which the kind soul most readily complied with.

When Fanny, his eldest daughter had attained her eighteenth year, he took her from school, by the advice of Mr. Robinson, and engaged an accomplished woman to finish her education. She was a quick, sprightly girl, and very pretty, and had already acquired a tone and manner which surprised and gratified her excellent parents.

About a month after her return home, Job, addressing his tutor, said "Mr. Lawson, Mrs. Cole and me have been thinking—"

"Mrs. Cole and I have been thinking, if you please, sir," interrupted Mr. Lawson.

"Well, never mind grammar, and all that, just now," continued Job, "for I am speaking natural. We've been thinking that it's rather awkward since Fanny has come home to have a young gentleman always fluttering about her."

Mr. Frederick Lawson blushed and trembled; he evidently saw the issue; he bowed, and was silent.

"Now tell me, don't you think a likely young fellow like you is dangerous; human nature is human nature, you know. You and me have always been friends, and I owe you a great deal, so speak your mind."

"I am sorry to confess, sir, that I think you are perfectly right in your views," replied Mr. Lawson.

"Cool!" said Job; "then you don't fret much about leaving?"

"Indeed, sir, you wrong me—"

"And perhaps you don't think the girl's worth looking at, and there's no danger."

"Sir I do think she is a very charming young lady; but I have never regarded her in any other light than the daughter of a liberal and kind-hearted patron."

"You think the old coalman's daughter not good enough, mayhap, for a gentleman?"

"I am too poor and dependent to entertain any thoughts upon the subject."

"Nonsense! a gentleman's a gentleman, if he hasn't a scuddick. To cut the matter short, if you can make up matters with Fan, I shall be glad to have such a son-in-law, that's all. And Mrs. Cole's my way of thinking; so look to it."

A month after this singular tête-à-tête, Mr. Frederick Lawson led Frances Cole, the daughter of Job Cole, Esquire, to the hymeneal altar. And proud was the honest old coalman of such an alliance; although many scheming mammas, who had eligible sons were terribly put out, and wondered what the old fool could have been thinking of; and he worth a plum, too.

MADEIRA.

REMINISCENCES OF A FIVE MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN 1841.

The palanquin and hammock are in general use in the island for the convenience of invalids, and also for conveying the ladies to and fro in the town and country. These singularly constructed travelling vehicles, so well adapted to a warm climate, are in form not much unlike our moderate-sized slipper-bath, suspended at each end from a long substantial pole, (the party within being seated on a low cushion, with the lower extremities extended,) and are thus borne on the shoulders of two men; some of those possessed by private families, and few are without them, are of very superior workmanship, displaying taste and elegance in external ornament; in some, at the head of the vehicle, forming a commodious canopy, overlaid with a covering of beautifully painted oil-cloth; while others again, are adorned with a rich crimson or green damask drawn curtain. The hammock, though of simpler construction, proves equally comfortable, and is an easy mode of transit, being used chiefly for country excursions and parties of pleasure. For the loan of this latter, if by hire, a charge is made proportionate to the journey to be taken; and for the use of the palanquin, a

charge of one bit, or five-pence per hour, and for each of the two bearers, two bits, or tenpence sterling.

Funchal has two markets for the sale of vegetables and fruit, with a tolerable supply of both commodities always on hand, especially of the latter, of such as are in season. The principal market is held on the Saturday, and which also continues part of the following day, Sunday, when a great number of persons are in attendance from all parts of the country, all engaged in vending their different wares, boots and shoes, as I have frequently observed, forming a very leading article of merchandise.

There is also a market for the sale of cattle and other live stock, invariably consisting of a few goats, some half-dozen small, short-horned cows, a few sheep and pigs, fowls, turkeys, ducks, &c., altogether but a meagre exhibition, many of the poor creatures presenting (as their external figures but too plainly indicate) an appearance of their being but too scantily fed.

The market for the sale of fish presents a good exterior, and has its site upon the sea beach, but, in my opinion, is ill supplied with good fish,* rarely, for days together, is there, any to be had worth the purchasing, the supply for the most part, being of a coarse description.

In the town are many shops or stores, as they are called, for business, but few of any extent, all of which, in their construction, &c., are quite in keeping with the character of a foreign clime, presenting nothing of that lavish waste of expense in external decoration now so much the rage in England and elsewhere, and which has, unhappily, but too frequently resulted in utter ruin to the unfortunate, but sanguine experimentalist. Many of these stores are without windows, having only a large and spacious entrance; and but rarely is anything exhibited to view, (agreeable with our home practice,) as the sun, which at all seasons of the year proves so powerfully bright, would be likely to do serious injury to the different articles so exposed. I would just mention by the way here, for the better information of any who may hereafter visit the island for a season, not to encumber themselves on their passage out with much of light summer clothing, under the very prevailing notion that nothing heavier and warmer can be worn in that hot clime; what, however, is usually worn in England will also prove acceptable there, as I have myself experienced, for although during the day, while the sun is up, the weather may prove exceedingly oppressive, yet the mornings and evenings in the winter months are invariably cool, and not unfrequently attended by a moist and humid atmosphere.

Every description of silk and woollen articles are very dear, in consequence of a heavy import duty being levied by the Portuguese government authorities, but cotton and linen goods are, with a slight difference, almost as cheap as at home. Books and stationery (excepting materials for drawing, as pencils, &c.) may be had at very moderate prices.

I am far from thinking the Madeirans ingenious, and by no means consider them persons of laborious or industrious habits; as I have before remarked, they are naturally of an easy, indolent disposition, and it is rare that work, of any extent of character, can be completed for the respective party employing, in any reasonable time. I have also been credibly informed by friends in the island, that in matters of repairs, be it buildings or what it may, through a certain predilection (interwoven, as it were, into their very constitutions) for a clumsy daubing and patching, the fabric, when completed, is but little improved, and is not unfrequently worse than before they began their laborious toil!

It is really surprising to witness the carelessness and indifference manifested by all parties of the Portuguese towards their respective customers; wanting in a little of that obliging courtesy to purchasers which marks the characters of our own tradesmen, (though at home, I think, such is practised to a most fulsome extent, especially so by our retail shopkeepers;) scarcely will any think it worth their while to send to your house any article purchased from them, and your tailor or shoemaker, of the lowest grade, invariably expects you to send or call for the respective articles being made by them.

This species of independent dealing is not confined to the tradesmen only, it descends even lower, namely, to persons engaged in the menial offices, as servants, but among that class it becomes a vanity, tolerated only because of its universality; when, for instance, a female servant applies for a situation, and before she engages, a definite understanding as to the duties required from her, forms a most essential preliminary step, and the party engaging must first detail the several particular duties of her family, or otherwise, before any final arrangement is come to, this done, if satisfied, she then enters upon her situation, but not without being exceedingly careful not to go one *iota* beyond the ordinary specified duties enjoined.

The lady of a highly respectable family in the island, once assured me, that such is the vanity and pride of distinction among the menial servants, (composed as they are of different castes or grades,) that on one occasion of her paying a visit to a friend's house, the servant-maid being in company, although she did not object to bear an infant in arms, because her prescribed duty, yet could not condescend, as she expressed it, to be the bearer of her mistress's dress cap, although it was very carefully concealed from view in a neat white kerchief.

The town of Funchal is well supplied with excellent water for culinary purposes, five or six large springs being open to the public free of expense. These are constructed in the shape of fountains, with convenient troughs to prevent loss or waste of the pure element which is continually flowing, and which proves a most invaluable commodity in hot and dry climates. To these fountains hundreds of the inhabitants repair daily, to supply their several utensils with the grateful and refreshing draught; while not a few may be seen satisfying their thirst, by a familiar and homely application of their mouths to the brass taps affixed thereto, as convenient conductors of the limpid stream.

Water for vintage and garden purposes, is supplied from other natural sources, namely, from the mountains above, northward, where are several large hollows, now formed into reservoirs by the continual beating rains during the wet season of January and February, and which is received therein; from thence, as it overflows, the water is conducted by means of channels or *râgas*, as they are termed, artificially cut by the sides of the mountains, and so wind their circuitous course for several miles, and thence branching into almost innumerable smaller rivulets, give freshness and moisture to an otherwise parched and thirsty land. To percolate or waste this water, by any person, in the estimate of the law is deemed an offence amounting to felony, and is punishable accordingly with great rigour and severity. This, at first hearing, may sound somewhat strange, since we ourselves are not subjected to the like penalty for a like offence; but when it is considered, that in climates where frequent and long-continued drought is experienced, as at Madeira, where no rain falls, sometimes for six months in succession, and that too during the hottest season of the year, such legal enactments, of a most stringent character, are thereby rendered altogether indispensable, and in a wilful breach of which, justice follows with a

speedy execution of its penalties, equally so with a more flagrant breach of other outraged law.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE PARABLES.*

Since Christianity was established by the Redeemer, then diffused by twelve poor uneducated apostles through the world, though opposed by the combined powers, the prejudices, passions, established customs, and religions of every known nation, no era has been marked with characteristics so honourable to mankind as that in which we live.

There is at this moment a mighty, but bloodless strife going on between the highly informed and the eager followers of Mammon. The result will shew whether knowledge or wealth constitute real power. Weak and worldly minds seeing the temporary effects of wealth, have substituted it. Truths deduced from the undeviating and everlasting laws of God, whether they refer to the material world, or to the evident cause and effect of mental operations, must be at last victorious. The Gospel triumphed over the brutishness of the old idolatries; it will again trample into dust the golden idol—the Moloch Mammon which has dared to contest its great pre-eminence. Science, which teaches the immutable laws by which the physical world is governed, and illustrates its phenomena, is no longer veiled in mystery nor expressed in language unintelligible to the many. Men the most gifted with intellectual power and conversant with the different branches of knowledge have laboured to state, in the clearest language, the results of the profoundest researches, thus producing more elevated thought and shewing the boundless ocean open to the enterprise and perseverance of the human mind. Of what a galaxy the first promoters of this great revolution will consist. Among them many women, leading their sex to the intellectual elevation hitherto assumed by men. In religion and ethics the same greatness of spirit has been shewn, and to the list of honoured names may now be added that of Stanley. His lordship's book is written for the use of children. There is a raciness in the fact that excites joy, and will be an example to others to try for fame in the paths of utility and religion. We have heard that the Duke of Wellington said that the only two men of pre-eminent mental capacity, *longé ante alios*, in the House of Commons, were Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley. The latter writes, and beautifully too, a book for little children on the parables, proving by the act and the work that *the Duke (the sublime of common sense according to Samuel Rogers)* was right in his estimate of the man, in even a more extended sense than his Grace had then supposed. This little book goes through *six editions* before the writer's name ekes out. No puffs preparative, puffs indirectly intimating the noble author, puffs either positive or prospective, ushered it into the world, and then ballooned it. Its intrinsic worth, its utility, was whispered from mother to mother, and it goes silently through six editions, and is destined to go through many more.

The diffusion of religious and scientific knowledge among the young, the rich, the poor, is destined to be the great corrector of abuses and miseries which are now progressing with rapid steps, and have advanced so far that no human power can prevent a great and useful change. The future support and guidance of the masses in the right path will depend in no small degree on the nature and quality of the information spread among them. General knowledge and information have taken root, and no earthly power can eradicate it. They now begin to understand their individual rights, their relative position (politically speaking) to their employers and the state; now there is no time to lose, the staple commodities of literature must be given to them on which to weave their opinions.

The mere garb of learning has ceased to impose on mankind; it is information, and not the parade of words and languages, which all classes now require, and that conveyed with brevity and perspicuity.

The interpretation of parable given by his lordship in page four, though, perhaps, sufficient for the mind of a child, is not comprehensive or precise enough for older persons; it is, therefore, to be regretted that a short introductory address to the teacher has not been prefixed, entering more into the detail of so interesting a subject. A parable is literally a comparison; its other, and more comprehensive term, is an allegory, which denotes the representation of one thing which is intended to excite the representation of another thing. The analysis of it must, consequently, be two-fold; the first the representation contained in the narrative—for almost every allegory is either a historical or fictitious narrative—and the representation it was intended to excite. This ancient and impressive method of teaching seems at first sight very simple; but its extreme difficulty is ascertained by the fact, that, with the exception of very few parables in the Old Testament, and those inimitable examples of our Saviour's in the New Testament, no others approach perfection, and all are at an immeasurable distance in the greatness of the object intended to be impressed on the mind. The parables of the New Testament are adapted to every era, to every country, to the minds of the young, to the reflection of the old; while the greatness of their objects command the deepest reverence from the most informed of mankind, while they excite in the truly pious joy or holy apprehension. Their universal application teaches more particularly the general, special, and individual providence and care of our Heavenly Father, who, when He saw the repentant prodigal son afar off, hastened to meet him; then the objects rise to the most sublime and awful truths—to the responsibility, immortality, and future state of the soul after judgement. Those subjects, the most exalted and important that the mind can contemplate, are conveyed with unerring power, though expressed in diction so simple and unaffected, that it comprises strength and grace beyond the most elaborate artifices of any human composition. From the parables alone may be deduced an irrefutable argument of the truth of Christianity. Could a few poor, uneducated fishermen and their companions unite, first, to conceive a character such as Christ is delineated in the gospels; then declare their fictitious conception to be (or to have been) a living being, who taught as no one ever taught before or since, who declared the future immortality of mankind, the relation between God and man, and the only means of obtaining inconceivable bliss; for whose mouth these poor, uneducated men wrote parables of such wondrous worth and beauty as to far eclipse all that Greece or Rome produced; a character in manner so self-possessed and dignified as never once to lose that carriage, though suffering insult, injustice, scorn, and poverty; in mind so vast as never to be brought within the limits of human capacity and agency, expressing the greatest thoughts, with unexampled ease and simplicity; and declaring that he will save and judge the world, and bestow immortality as we speak of the most ordinary actions! Was such a being the fictitious conception of a few poor fishermen? No, must be the answer. The centurion spoke the truth when he exclaimed, "Truly, this man was the Son of God."

We must, however, remember, that attractive to us as the subject is, our

* This does not arise from any scarcity of the finny tribe, since the rev. incumbent of the English Church, who was engaged in writing a valuable work on *Ichthyology*, assured me that 170 different geni of fish had already been discovered near to the shores of Madeira.

* Conversations on the Parables of the New Testament, for the Use of Children. By the Right Honourable Lord Stanley, Secretary for the Colonies. Nisbet and Co., pp. 262.

limits will permit of no further digression. The general characteristic of Lord Stanley's book is subdued power, a knowledge of his subject; and, what is still more attractive, a warm and pious feeling breathes in every page; while the infantine inquiries are so naturally and skilfully expressed as to please and interest even us, no longer young. The doctrine necessarily comprised in the illustrations is the defence of the Church of England. After an unusually careful perusal, we detected no error. It is not very easy to give quotations from a work so closely connected which will at the same time convey the style, manner, feeling, and utility of these illustrative conversations. The following is selected from a part of the dialogue on the repetition of the clause in the parable of the Prodigal Son, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." The mother, in reply to the observation of her daughter, says:—

"The words, you remember, are precisely the same; that is, the disposition of the heart remained unchanged: for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' This shews, that in the first place his repentance was sincere; that he did not determine before-hand to adopt this penitent and humble language as a means of softening the anger of his father, but from a deep and thorough conviction that it was the language of truth; that he had 'sinned against Heaven,' and against his father, and was 'not worthy to be called his son,' and that he should be treated better than he deserved, were he even taken into the house as a 'hired servant.' This is the first point on which we may take a lesson; for, as we have all sinned, we have all need of deep repentance; and repentance, unless sincere, will be of no avail with an all-seeing Judge. But the second point which I wish to notice to you (and I do not expect you to find out these more distant meanings without having them noticed) is this, that we must not presume upon the grace and long-suffering of God. It is true, that upon our first steps towards repentance and amendment of life, our Heavenly Father, 'while we are yet a great way off,' will have compassion on us, and come to meet and aid us; and of this we are assured by many texts of Scripture; but we, on our parts, should bear in mind the conduct of the prodigal son; we should not suffer the indulgence of our father to take away from us the sense of our error; we shall be as ready to exclaim, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,' even after we believe our repentance to be accepted, as we were in the first feelings of remorse and sorrow. Though He forgets our sins, we never should. Nay, the greater are his mercies towards us, the more we should feel our own unworthiness of them; the more willing should we be, if He demanded it, to prove our sincerity, by serving him in the lowest office as 'hired servants.' Can you understand this? &c.

"Mary. 'Yes, mamma; and I see now why these words should be repeated again, which I am sure I never should have thought of.'

"Mrs. B. 'Then, my love, observe again the conduct of the father. Before he saw his son returned, with whatever degree of repentance in his heart, at least determined to place himself under the care of his father in future; he saw his wretched situation and sufferings, and with the affection of a father, 'he had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' But now, when his humble expressions and true contrition proved that he was truly penitent for his past conduct, all is now forgotten, Mary. There are no reproaches, no punishment, no anger; the sinner's conscience reproaches him sufficiently, and no kindness on his father's part can make him forget his own unworthiness. Now, then, the father feels that he is at liberty to say, 'Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hands, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; for,' he adds, 'this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found.' The first part of this, you will understand is in allusion to the Eastern customs of washing the feet of strangers and furnishing them with clothes, and any thing of which they may stand in need, on their arriving after a journey; and must be taken as meaning generally making the son welcome to all that the house afforded, treating him as a distinguished guest, and making a feast and a rejoicing to receive him. But what we have to attend to is the reason given, 'For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.' Now it is quite clear that this was not spoken in a literal sense, as having been dead or having been lost."

It will be observed in the foregoing quotation, that the customs of the people are touched upon, and that in addition to the great doctrine infused into the parable, the ethical application is well drawn out. Every chapter contains several elucidations of equal clearness and beauty; and the conclusions of each chapter bring to our recollections the windings up of the discourses of our greatest divines of the past age. The following paragraph contains a curious observation an Dives soliciting Abraham to send to his father's house to warn his brethren of his dreadful fate:—

"It seems to have been an intimation that in the future world our natural feelings and affections will not be broken off, and that even some good and kind sentiments may remain among those who are themselves for ever lost. Milton, the finest of our poets, whose writings I hope you will some day read and admire, says,—

'For neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue,'

and this is agreeable to the word of God."

Sometimes the electrical vigour of the author's mind peeps out, as if excited by the subject and forgetful that he is writing for children; thus on Dives seeing Lazarus afar off in Abraham's bosom:—

"How much of tremendous retribution, what circumstances of increased misery, are in these two words, 'In hell!' In that eternal punishment, 'where their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched,' suffering excruciating torments, and conscious that he had brought them on himself, permitted to see the glories of heaven, and the happiness of the just, but to see them 'afar off,' to know that he was for ever excluded from joining them; while he beheld exalted far above his own head, in the midst of that blessed company, the poor beggar Lazarus, whom he had spurned and despised in the self-sufficiency of his worldly pride."

At p. 148, the reference to the sacrifice of Isaac is not quite clear. Abraham is in that type the Father—Isaac the sinful world, saved by the vicarious sacrifice of the male lamb caught in the thicket. Our limits will only permit us to refer to Molesworth's correct exposition of that type, and to Dr. Hussey's brief but masterly epitome of the origin and typical character of sacrifice in the first number of his new edition of the authorised version of the Bible, with hermeneutic and exegetical commentary, a work which is intended to shew the state of biblical learning in Europe, and which in no instance trenches on the majesty of truth by the introduction of conjectural criticism, and which must prove an important addition to theological learning.

We object to the manner his lordship and many divines use the word *eternal*. The meaning is without beginning or end, consequently it can only be properly applied when referring to the Deity.

His Lordship has not gone through the whole of the parables, though several omitted are referred to. Among those omitted are "the importunate friend," "the net cast into the sea," "the barren fig-tree," "the pearl," and "the house built on the sand." This last, we regret being left out; it, moreover, presents one of the finest specimens of parallelism in the New Testament, and, when properly arranged, reads as follows:—

"Whosoever, therefore, heareth these my words and doeth them
I will liken him to a prudent man,
Who built his house upon the rock:
And the rain descended,
And the floods came,
And the winds blew,
And fell upon that house;
And it fell not, for it was founded upon the rock."

"And every one hearing these my words and doing them not
Shall be likened to a foolish man,
Who built his house upon the sand:

And the rain descended,
And the floods came,
And the winds blew,
And struck upon that house;
And it fell, and the fall thereof was great."

Many of the parables are constructed on the system of parallelism, which, when pointed out, adds to their beauty as compositions: moreover, it secures, in great measure, the text from being vitiated, for a word altered destroys the parallelism and points to error.

The illustrative references to Scripture are apt, and never doubtful, shewing much correct knowledge of the sacred volume. The next edition should have a table of contents, and a short index.

We must conclude with saying, that we hope his lordship will some day add the remaining parables, and that his little work does honour to his head and his heart, and must raise him in the estimation of all who read it, and tend to increase the confidence of his country in him; for no man could write a book so full of theological knowledge, right-headedness, and, above all, of genuine feeling, and not reap that reward.

Miscellaneous Articles.

HERNHUT, THE ORIGINAL SETTLEMENT OF THE MORAVIANS.

Hernhut itself is a neat modern-looking little town of about 1,100 inhabitants. It is like most German modern towns, built with streets crossing at right angles, and of white houses. In a spacious square stand the little inn, the meeting house, the Single Brethren's House, and other buildings belonging to the community. The Single Sisters' House stands also near, facing the lower end or rather front of the church. Many private families live in their own separate houses. All is extremely neat, clean, and profoundly quiet. Few people are at any time seen going to and fro; and such a thing as a child playing in the street, is not to be seen. In respect to education, they are very strict in their notions; and children, like John Wesley, are probably "taught to fear the rod, and cry softly." At all events, they are not allowed to play in the street; and you hear so little of them playing anywhere, that you would be quite inclined, did you not meet some under the care of nurses in walks and gardens, to believe there were none; or, as has actually been the case here once, only one child born in the year! A profound silence hovers over the whole place; and it is amazing that so many active persons should go forth to all parts of the world from a centre which seems the very centre of the realms of sleep. They call it themselves, life in stillness. We went through the brethren and the sister-house, and were much pleased with the quiet and neatness of every thing. It was interesting to see in both houses persons who had been into distant and very different parts of the world, into the hottest and coldest regions, in the missionary cause; and the children of missionaries, who had been born amongst the Caffres, or the Esquimaux. Each community had its common dining-room, where they all dined; but at three different tables, each at a different rate of charge, so as to accommodate all persons. Poverty amongst them is no disgrace, except as the result of indolence or imprudence. Each community has also its prayer-room and assembling-room. Music is much cultivated amongst them; and we observed in every room appropriated to public or private worship an organ or a piano, and in every sitting room that we entered was a violin, a guitar, or flute. It was amusing to see the sleeping-room of the women, which, like the dining-room, was for general use, and stocked with a host of little German beds, each for one person. The women, in their little white muslin caps, had a certain resemblance to Friends, but were distinguished into married and unmarried by the ribbons which tied their caps being of different colours. The young girls had deep red; the unmarried women, pink; the married women, blue; and the widows, white or grey. In the brethren's house is a very excellent collection of stuffed birds, and other objects of natural history, which missionaries from different countries have enriched. Their church very much resembles a Friend's meeting-house; there are no pews, but plain benches, the men and women, like the Friends, sitting apart. They had a chair and desk for the preacher, and an organ, distinguishing the place from a meeting-house of Friends. Indeed, very different to the Friends, they have an intense love of music, and preach, pray, and sing at stated times and hours. We were admitted to one of their private singing meetings, and were surprised to see the person who presided give out the hymn sitting, and the whole company singing it in the same position. They have, too, their love-feasts, in imitation of the Agape, of the early Christians, at which tea and buns are handed round. All who entertain any enmity against each other, are earnestly warned to absent themselves from these meetings till they have rooted the offence from their hearts. At the close of the holy communion, each brother renews his pledge of faithfulness to the Lord, and gives his hand upon it to his fellow; the brethren kiss one another, and the sisters also do the same amongst themselves. * * They may contract marriages by mutual agreement, under the approbation of the elders, but they also frequently resort to the lot to determine them; and nothing is more common than for a missionary to send home, requesting them to choose him a wife, who is thus selected. The damsel on whom the lot falls has the liberty to decline the match if she pleases; but, as it is regarded as a clear indication of the will of Providence, it is generally cheerfully acquiesced in, and a young woman will at once prepare herself on being chosen, to go north or south—to the snowy fields of Labrador, or the burning deserts of Africa. The Hernhuters declare that scarcely an instance has been known in which these marriages have not been completely happy ones.

Wm. Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.

SPLENDID MISERY.

There is recorded (in the life of Theodore Hook), in more than usual detail, one winter visit at the seat of a nobleman of almost unequalled wealth—evidently particularly fond of Hook, and always mentioned in terms of real gratitude, even affection. Here was a large company, including some of the very highest names in England; the party seem to have remained together for more than a fortnight, or if one went the place was immediately filled by another not less distinguished by the advantages of birth and fortune; Hook's is the only untitled name—except a led captain and chaplain or two, and some misses of musical celebrity. What a struggle he has to maintain! Every Thursday he must meet the printer of *John Bull*, to arrange the paper for Saturday's impression. While the rest are shooting or hunting, he clears his head as well as he can, and steals a few hours to write his articles. When they go to bed on Wednesday night, he smuggles himself into a post-chaise, and is carried fifty miles across the country to some appointed "Blue Boar" or "Crooked Billet." Thursday morning is spent in overhauling correspondence, in all the details of the editorship. He with hard driving gets to the neighbourhood of the Castle when the dressing bell is ringing. Mr. Hook's servant has intimated that his master is slightly indisposed; he enters the gate as if from a short walk in the wood; in a half an hour behold him answering placidly the inquiries of the ladies—his headache fortunately gone at last—quite ready for the turtle and champagne—puns rattle like a hail shower—"that dear Theodore" had never been more brilliant. At a decorous hour the great lord and his graver guests retire; it is supposed that the evening is over—that the house is shut up. But Hook is quartered in a long bachelors' gallery with a-half-dozen bachelors of far different calibre. One of them a dashing young earl, proposes what the *Diary* calls "something comfortable" in his dressing room. Hook, after a sleepless night and busy day, hesitates, but is persuaded. The broiled bones are attended by more champagne—Roman punch—hot brandy and water finally; for there are plenty of butlers and grooms of the chamber ready to minister to the delights of the distant gallery, ever productive of fees to man and maid. The end is that they play deep, and that Theodore loses a great deal more money than he had brought with him from town, or knows how to come at if he were there. But he rises the next morning with a swimming, bewildered head, and as the fumes disperse, perceives that he must write instantly for money. No difficulty is to be made; the fashionable tailor (*alias* merciless Jew), to whom he discloses the cause, must, on any terms, remit a hundred pounds by return of post. It is accomplished—the debt is discharged. Thursday comes round again, and again he escapes to meet the printer. This time the printer brings payment of salary with him, and Hook drives back to the castle in great glee. Exactly the same scene recurs a night or two afterwards. The salary all goes. When the time comes for him at last to leave his splendid friend, he finds that he has lost a fortnight as respects a book that *must* be finished within a month or six weeks—and that what with travelling expenses hither and thither (he has to defray the printer's too), and losses at play to silken coxcombs who considered him as an admirable jack-pudding, and also as an invaluable pigeon since he drains his glass as well as fills it—he has thrown away more money than he could have earned by the labour of three months in his own room at Fulham. But then the rumble of the green chariot is seen well stocked with pheasants and hares, as it pauses and passes through town at Crockfords, the Carlton, or the Athenæum; and as often as the *Morning Post* alluded to the noble peer's Christmas court, Mr. Theodore Hook's name closed the paragraph of "Fashionable Intelligence."

THE HORRORS OF WATERLOO.

The late Sir Charles Bell, in a letter published in the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner*, gives the following harrowing account of his surgical practice on the wounded at the battle of Waterloo:

"July, 1815.

"My dear Horner.—I write this to you, after having been some days at home, engaged in my usual occupations, and, consequently, disenchanted of the horrors of the battle of Waterloo. I feel relief in this, for certainly if I had written to you from Brussels, I should have appeared very extravagant. An absolute revolution took place in my economy, body and soul; so that I who am known to require eight hours sleep, found first three hours, and then one hour and a half sufficient, after days of the most painful excitement and bodily exertion.

"After I had been five days engaged with the prosecution of my object, I found that the best cases, that is, the most horrid wounds left totally without assistance, were to be found in the hospital of the French wounded. This hospital was only forming; they were even then bringing these poor creatures in from the woods. It is impossible to convey to you the picture of human misery continually before my eyes. What was heart-rending in the day was intolerable at night; and I rose and wrote, at four o'clock in the morning, to the chief surgeon Gunning, offering to perform the necessary operations upon the French. At six o'clock I took the knife in my hand, and continued incessantly at work till seven in the evening; and so the second day, and again the third day.

"All the deficiencies of performing surgical operations were soon neglected; while I amputated one man's thigh, there lay at one time thirteen, all beseeching to be taken next; one full of entreaty, one calling upon me to remember my promise to take him, another execrating. It was a strange thing to feel my clothes stiff with blood, and my arms powerless with the exertion of using the knife; and more extraordinary still, to find my mind calm amidst such variety of suffering; but to give one of these objects access to your feelings was to allow yourself to be unmanned for the performance of a duty. It was less painful to look upon the whole, than to contemplate one object.

"When I first went round the wards of the wounded prisoners, my sensations were very extraordinary. We had every where heard of the manner in which these men had fought, nothing could surpass their devotedness. In a long ward containing fifty, there was no expression of suffering, no one spoke to his neighbour. There was a resentful, sullen rigidity of face, a fierceness in their dark eyes, as they lay half covered in the sheets.

"Sunday.—I was interrupted, and now I perceive I was falling into the mistake of attempting to convey to you the feelings which took possession of me, amidst the miseries of Brussels. After being eight days among the wounded, I visited the field of battle. The view of the field, the gallant stories, the charges, the individual instances of enterprise and valour, recalled me to the sense which the world has of victory and Waterloo. But this was transient, a gloomy, uncomfortable view of human nature is the inevitable consequence of looking upon the whole as I did, as I was forced to do.

"It is a misfortune to have our sentiments so at variance with the universal sentiment. But there must ever be associated with the honours of Waterloo, to my eyes, the most shocking signs of war; to my ear, accents of entreaty; outcry from the manly breast, interrupted forcible expressions of the dying, and

noisome smells. I must show you my note books, for as I took my notes of cases generally by sketching the object of our remarks, it may convey an excuse for this excess of sentiment.

Faithfully yours,

"C. BELL."

A NATIONAL PAINTING.

And here I must instance a very extraordinary production of the leisure of a minister at Berne, on the performance of which he bestowed twenty years. His object was to embody, in one composition, all the illustrious men that Switzerland has produced, with characteristic insignia of their respective offices and pursuits. The difficulty of such an undertaking may be easily imagined, to avoid confusion or formality, hardness of indecision, the glare of different costumes, or the monotony of uniformity; to vary the attitudes and the heads of more than two hundred figures, without any other incident in the piece for any one of them, than the being there to be looked at, was certainly an Herculean undertaking for an amateur artist: but what a happy man he was, to have, during the twenty years he was employed upon it, constantly an object that interested all his thoughts, and absorbed all his faculties, saving those, be it understood, claimed by the duties of his office. When he lay down at night, his pillow was thronged with the groups which he had put on the canvas during the day, and when he rose in the morning he hastened to correct or alter them, according to the suggestions of his judgment during the undisturbed silence of the night. The scene of action was in itself no inconsiderable part of his labours: it represents an ancient hall, somewhat raised in the back ground, and lighted by long windows of painted glass, each compartment of which presents the armorial bearings of the cantons and most illustrious families. The architectural parts are exceedingly well managed, the perspective correct in drawing, and the lights judiciously dispersed. In the back ground are seen the early teachers of Christianity and of husbandry (as they wisely combined the two), with the ancient instruments of agriculture on the ground near them. A little way from them are the early warriors: first, Siegfried and Melchiel, taking the oath to deliver their country from its oppressors, and William Tell listening to them, attended by his child, who carries in his hand an apple stuck on an arrow. In the centre is a very interesting group of the reformers, Calvin, Farrel, Theodore de Beze, Zwingler, Bullinger, and others. Advancing still nearer to the present times, in the foreground we see Zimmerman, Picet, Planta, Tissot, and other celebrated physicians, seated at a table, on which is a bust of Hippocrates, and listening to a lecture from Haller. At the other side is a group of scientific men among whom is Saussure, with a plan of the Alps before him; De Luc is attentively looking at Bonnet, the mathematician, who is demonstrating a proposition to Euler. Behind them is a group of naturalists, among whom is Huber, the celebrated blind writer on bees; opposite is a party of literary men; among them Rousseau stands pre-eminent. The worthy pastor much wished to introduce three other celebrated men, Gibbon, Voltaire, and Raynal, who paid Switzerland the compliment of making it their country of adoption; but as they were not natives, they came not within the limits of a plan already too comprehensive for easy management. He succeeded at last to his own satisfaction, by ingeniously contriving to place them at the outside of an open window, by which means also a view of the lake of Lausanne and of the surrounding country is very happily obtained: and making them look into the interior as spectators of the interesting groups it contains. The striking contrast of physiognomy and dress between Gibbon and Voltaire is prevented from being too much obtruded on observation, by the less marked countenance of Raynal, who, a step behind, acts as a combining incident between them. The whole is admirable; the style of painting is that of the early German school, and if it have a little of their usual fault of dryness, it has abundance of their general merits, in point of accuracy and finish.

Domestic Residence in Switzerland.

STATE OF IRELAND.

The spectacle presented by Ireland at this moment is, perhaps, the most singular and eventful ever recorded in the history of nations. The repeal mania has spread throughout the country, and wherever the arch agitator stays on his tour of sedition, multitudes are collected to meet him, varying, according to the accounts received, from 50,000 to 400,000 persons in number. The weekly collections at the Corn Exchange, which, until a few months since, did not average much above £30, have lately risen to £400, £500, £600, £700, and last week to £2,200. So perfect is the organization of this agitation, that no difficulty is found in draining the whole male population from three or four counties, in order to meet O'Connell at a given point. On Sunday last, in the counties adjoining Longford, mass was celebrated at four o'clock in the morning, in order to allow the population to march to the place of gathering, and meet the leader of repeal at noon-day. Nearly every one of the parish congregations is headed by its priest; and to show how closely this movement is connected with the desire of the Popish Church for domination, it may be mentioned that the great dinner given to O'Connell at Longford, on Sunday last, took place in the Roman Catholic Church of that town. At all these meetings the most determined declarations are made that repeal shall be obtained, that the dominion of the Saxon shall be overthrown, and that the land shall once more be in the power of the native to rule as he pleases. It is expressly stated that repeal itself is but a means to an end, and that the first acts of an Irish Legislature shall be to extinguish the Protestant Church, to abolish tithes, to establish universal suffrage and vote by ballot, to deprive the landlord of all power over his land by enacting a fixity of tenure, and to confiscate the property of all those who should fly the scenes of bloodshed and anarchy that must ensue. These are the objects openly and expressly declared—objects larger and more momentous than have been avowed by the leaders of any revolution with which we are acquainted. The proclamation of these designs is hailed with acclamations of frantic delight by the multitude; and, besides the feelings of consternation and alarm which such large assemblages naturally excite, they are attended with immediate and practical consequences, calculated to give rise to very serious fears for the peace of the country.

From the *Dublin Evening Mail* of last week, we quoted the remarkable announcement that the extensive emigration which usually takes place at this season of the year had entirely stopped; that vessels were lying in the ports without prospect of a passenger, and that the peasantry were resolved to abide at home, under a very general impression that a new era was dawning upon "ould Ireland," and that the "boys" would be wanted at home for the coming struggle. We now find these accounts abundantly confirmed from different quarters. "There is not," says the *Dublin Warder*, "a repealer—no, not a single peasant in the South—that does not expect the outburst of immediate rebellion." And then it gives some particular instances. "Men who have bargained with the landlords for quarters of an acre, to provide potatoes for themselves and their families, now return and surrender the ground—they will not have it—they will not be at the trouble to dig and plant it. 'Before harvest time,' say they,

'death or plunder will provide for us.' Another paper, the *Carlisle Sentinel*, tells us that throughout that province the peasantry are everywhere buying up lead, to make into bullets; and that within the last few weeks many foreign priests have been remarked in the country. Speculations are made as to the disposition of the army, and the part it will be likely to take in a struggle with the people; and aid is counted on from an outbreak of the Irish population in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other great towns. It is boasted by the repeal journals, that of the 100,000 soldiers of the British army, 40,000 are Irishmen, and several small facts are put together to show that they will never act against their countrymen. At the last repeal meeting in Dublin, 120 halfpence were handed in from children of soldiers of the Dublin garrison, a prudent mode of indicating the disposition of the parents; and at a meeting of the Dundalk repealers, it was announced that a captain of the 13th Light Dragoons desired to be enrolled a member, and had sent £1 as his subscription. These questions, which first, we grieve to say, appeared in an English Radical paper, are frequently and triumphantly asked,—"Is the army itself safe? At least one-half of it is composed of Irishmen. Would they thrust their bayonets into the hearts of their brethren? Would they dare be guilty of the unnatural crime of murdering their own kindred? Are even English and Scotch soldiers to be depended on in the desperate attempt to strangle the liberties of a nation?"

It requires no enlarged experience of political history, or great knowledge of mankind, to pronounce in what these expectations must end, however earnestly the leading agitators may deprecate a resort to arms. From neglect of the usual precautions for disposing of a surplus population; from present improvidence caused by positive hopes for the future; from destitution, accelerated by the contributions wrung from their misery to support the humbug that deludes them—from these causes and others that might be enumerated, the general distress that always presses severely on the peasantry will be aggravated, which, with the failure of their high-wrought expectations, will most probably drive them to the commission of some desperate outrage, and throw the whole island into confusion. This is a melancholy prospect; but, unless the agitation can be immediately checked, it is the only one that can reasonably be looked forward to.

In this crisis the loyal people of Ireland complain with bitterness and with justice of the conduct of the Government. Additional troops are poured into every barracks, all the garrisons are strengthened, military stores are provided, steam-vessels are ordered for service on the coast, and every precaution taken seems to announce a great, immediate, and pressing danger. Yet not a single declaration is made that the agitation which threatens to convulse the country with civil war is illegal, and not a step taken to stay it except the dismissal of a few repealers from the magistracy, those dismissals being so tenderly worded, that the Irish Executive, as the Dublin papers well remark, seems to deprecate the anger of the offenders, and to say, "Don't blame us, for we couldn't help it."

It is impossible for this measure, so weakly carried into effect, to have any good result. The deprivation may be resented as an injury, but cannot be felt as a punishment. It entails no loss of station or emolument, and, when coupled with the timid letter of the Lord Chancellor, will not deter one person in the whole island from joining the repeal. "I never acted in the commission but once," bawled O'Connell; and though others may have been more diligent, yet nearly all express pleasure at being relieved from a responsibility which, in the event of disturbances, would have been a source of embarrassment and perplexity. If the dismissal had been couched in vigorous and manly language, and been conjoined with other mandates of a decisive kind, it would have been unquestionably a very proper proceeding; but when accompanied with what is apparently a very sincere expression of regret and alarm, and an admission that the repeal agitation is legal, it must be more than useless. In this light it is viewed by the more respectable Irish papers, which now declare that nothing can save the country from a great revulsion but the recall of Lord de Grey, Lord Elliot, and Sir Edward Sugden.

The unchecked licence accorded to the repealers, and the alarming character of their proceedings, has revived that stern uncompromising spirit of Protestantism which had for a time been lulled to repose. At a recent meeting of the Dublin Protestant Operative Association, which was densely crowded, every emblem of Protestant ascendancy and former triumph was exposed to view. An address of fraternalism was presented from a Dublin Orange Lodge, and was received with tremendous acclamations of applause, and round after round of Kentish fire. One of the speakers from Cork said that the last meeting of the Protestants of that city was attended by 13,000 persons. Another from Belfast spoke of 7,000 staunch men and true, ready to take the field if the country required their services. This ferment is sooner raised than repressed. The Protestants have only yet begun to show their strength. Let the repeal agitation continue much longer, and there will be an universal arming on both sides.

We briefly noticed last week the meetings at Cashel and Clonmel on the previous Tuesday, at which £1500 was collected, and an immense assemblage gathered together. On Thursday another grand repeal meeting, attended, as the accounts say, by countless thousands, was held at Nenagh. At the dinner, one of the speakers was the *Right Rev. Dr. Kennedy*, and it was in this way that he counselled peace:—

Oh, if ever such a war should unfortunately occur—which may God in his mercy to both countries avert—it will, I greatly fear, and I shudder while I think of it, be a war of so bloody, so deadly, and so devastating a character, that the victors, whoever they may be, will have but too much reason to mourn their melancholy triumph (cheers). Threaten the people of Ireland with the horrors of a civil war! Why, our unhappy people are at this moment suffering such unexampled privations, and are so maddened by the exasperating scenes of unmerited and cruel injustice, that no war has any terrors for them, and, least of all, a war against their unnatural, inveterate, and unrelenting oppressors (great cheering). Oh, no, there is nothing, the restoration of their Parliament alone excepted, that would be more welcome to them in their present temper than such a war, no matter what might be the issue (continued cheers). This is melancholy, but it is, alas, too true.

O'Connell followed in a similar strain:—

No man can apprehend that guilt is contemplated in these moral displays of popular power; but let them tell me there is no security. I value it not as a sword to strike down, but a shield to protect. From this spot, I say to Peel and Wellington, never to be absurd enough to assail those who have the protection of such a shield—[Cheers]. And now I come to the position that it is impossible to press the bill for repeal in the House of Lords. One threat from France, or America, or Russia would frighten them—[A laugh]. Look at the conduct of the British Parliament in 1778. Before the battle of Saratoga the Americans were provincials; and, indeed, they were first called rebels. When Burgoyne was sent against General Gates, the latter was designated a "store-housekeeper," but, when he shut the great English general up in his shop and

turned the key, then the Americans, instead of "rebels" and "provincials," were called the "enemy," and then the army—the "enemy's army"—[Hear, hear, and a laugh]. In the same year Paddy asked for free trade, or else—, and free trade was given—[Cheers]. In 1782 the Volunteers called for the independence of the Irish Legislature, or else—, when the hint was taken by the British Parliament, who granted the independence sought for. Recollect that in 1829, when we gained emancipation, we had not the advantage of the English finances being deranged, or a smothered chartered insurrection, which is ready to burst forth every moment with redoubled fury. We had England at peace at home, and with the world beside, in a high, and proud, and palmy state; yet, as soon as the Irish people combined in their moral and peaceful strength, Peel and Wellington were coerced to grant it—[Cheers].

The meeting at Longford on Sunday was of a still more violent character.

Dr. Higgins, the titular Archbishop of Ardagh, was one of the chief speakers. He declared his willingness to shed the last drop of his blood for "the cause."

He felt that although he was not an old man, the grave was not many years distant from him; and that that day would soon arrive when he should render to his God an account of all his acts, and in that holy presence he now pledged himself that while he had an idea in his head, or a drop of blood in his veins, he would be at the head of his beloved country—[Cheers]. This, he could assure them, he spoke in the utmost sincerity of heart. He would avail himself of the opportunity which that glorious spectacle, of nearly a half a million of human beings assembled together, afforded him to administer a pledge, to which no man should respond without putting his hand to his heart and swearing to observe it in the presence of his Creator—[Cries of "We will"]. Let all promise to co-operate with the Liberator—[Cries of "We do promise," and enthusiastic cheering].

O'Connell followed, and roused the enthusiasm of his hearers still higher, by hurling defiance at the power of the Government:—

They tell us there will be a civil war if we attempt to get the repeal—bah! —[Loud cheers and laughter.] We will put them in the wrong; and if a civil war should take place it must be of their making. We shall not be in the slightest degree in fault, for we will not violate any law whatever; and I tell you what, if they attack us, then—[The hon. and learned gentleman here slapped his breast warmly, amidst the most enthusiastic peals of acclamation.] Who then will be a coward?—[Renewed cheers.] We will put them in the wrong, and then if they attack us, then in your name I set them at defiance—[Great applause].

The dinner was given in the evening in the Roman Catholic Chapel. The Bishop and 39 of his priests were present. Dr. Higgins, after alluding to the disapprobation his former declarations had excited, proceeded to repeat them with greater earnestness and solemnity:—

Let all England know that I acknowledge the sentiment that is recorded of me in Mullingar, that whenever the Minister may dare to come out with his threat against wronged and oppressed Ireland, I shall make every chapel in Ireland a repealing place—I will, if necessary, go into the very sanctuaries, and there I shall denounce those who will force us there as conspirators against the constitution of my country (tremendous cheers). There is one lord in England, called Lord Beaumont, who has flung his English seurrility at the humble individual before you (groans). I will be avenged on him! From this spot, the centre of Ireland, I hurl back, I will not say my contempt (for that would not be becoming a clergyman), but I send back to him his paltry abuse, and I give him a *carte blanche* to revile me as much as he chooses in future; and the more he does so the more will I consider myself doing my duty. There is a second lord also who has assailed me. The second is the Earl of Wicklow; but mind that I only speak of the persons that I find in the newspapers (loud laughter). He is reported to have said, if what I stated in Mullingar were really the fact—namely, that the bishops of Ireland are all repealers—that such a man as the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, that sainted being, had declared his opinions on the repeal, he would not have chosen so obscure an individual as I am to convey them to the public; but what will he say when I declare—and I hope the press will bring my words to his ears—that I have one of the most respectable clergymen in the kingdom ready to verify that he heard the Most Rev. Dr. Murray declare himself to be a repealer before a large company of priests, and who has ever heard that he retracted it! (loud and long-continued cheers). That is my answer to Lord Wicklow (renewed cheers).

Mr. O'Connell followed:—

Sir Robert Peel has, to be sure, asserted that the Queen supported him, and that the declaration he made is hers. Now, I will tell you a secret, and I think there is enough of you to help me to keep it (laughter). The assertion, saving your presence, is a lie (laughter and cheers). The word may be an awkward one, but I do not like roundabout phrases, such as calling it a falsehood, when I have its real meaning in so short a word as a lie (loud cheering). Their threat came to us at the Corn Exchange, and I there took the trouble in your name of setting them at defiance (tremendous cheers). Why, you seem to enjoy that shout—(renewed cheers)—but I heard a better shout to-day—I heard the shout of 200,000 Langfordmen echoing in the same cause. Yes, it was an arrant lie; but when they found the lie was not to frighten us, for it was a mere ghost of a lie—(laughter)—they immediately pulled in their horns and said, "Heaven forbid that we should have a civil war in Ireland!" Heaven forbid, too, say I; but eternal infamy to him who, being in the right, having the shield of the law to protect him, violating no law, but confining himself within the precincts of the ordinances of man and of God—confusion, I say, to him who, in such a case, will shrink from the contest.—(The entire assembly here rose, and continued cheering for several minutes.)

What follows is still more stirring still. It may be condensed in this short but significant announcement—"LET THE REPEAL REBELS BE DEFEATED, AND ALL ENGLAND WILL BE IN A FLAZE!"

Suppose some Irish Paddy had escaped from the slaughter, and going over to London, had met some of his former neighbours, they would ask him the news; but what would be the tidings he would have to bring them! He should say to one, Jerry, your father has been killed—to another, Tom, your brother has been shot. A third would ask him, But, my sister Eleanor—does she live. He would say, Your sister is not dead. But is my father alive! No; Your sister watched his corpse, but she is herself worse than dead, she is now a sad maniac, roaming through the wilds, and like the wretched maniac of song warning her sex against the ruffian soldiery of Britain. Yes, my Lord Beaumont, the brother of Ellen O'Moore would be near your castle. He would hear that you were one of the men who hallooed on the destroyers of the peace of his home. Oh, you would be very safe that evening—would you not, Lord Beaumont! The manufactories in your neighbourhood would be safe too, and proud London herself, in which you would flatter yourself with the hope of being secure, would be also safe when the account of the ruin of Ireland would arrive

—[Hear]. No; one blaze of powerful fire would reach through her vast extent, and, in the destruction of England, would vindicate the country of the maddened and persecuted Irishman who would have reached her shores—[Loud cheers].

Such was the language held in the Roman Catholic Chapel of Longford on Sunday last, the 28th of May. Who will say that the time has not now come for the decisive measures on the part of Government? No harangues of the Chartists can be compared in atrocity to this counsel of blood and fire. The repeal meeting at the Corn-Exchange on Tuesday was chiefly remarkable for the amount of the rent collected, £2,205, and for a bold attempt of the Agitator to delude his followers that the Queen was with them;—

He was going to state a fact, to the certainty of which he would most solemnly pledge his veracity. He would state it on the authority of another, who would not deceive him, or be deceived himself; he would state that the Queen, when next she saw Sir Robert Peel upon official business, reproached him—(cheers)—yes, reproached him with having made an unfair use of her name—(loud cheers)—with having made it in an unconstitutional manner, not upon his responsibility as a minister, although he might say he was responsible. Every man who left that room when the meeting was over, should go away with the certainty that what he stated had occurred, and might Heaven bless the Queen for it. Hurrah for the Queen!—(Loud cheers.) He could not be deceived himself—he was not deceiving them—he reiterated the assertion that her Majesty made no such declaration against repeal as Sir Robert Peel put into her mouth; but, on the contrary, she did not ask him, in the usual form, when he came upon official business, to stay to dinner—[Cheers.]

He afterwards read a long letter he had addressed to Sir Edward Sugden, announcing his intention to impeach him in the first Irish Parliament.

We apprehend another week can scarcely pass by without the occurrence of events of magnitude. Is it to be believed, even by those who most earnestly deprecate a resort to harsh measure, that this agitation will of itself subside? It has continued to increase from week to week, until now it has almost assumed the bold front of civil war.

Foreign Summary.

THE STONE MINISTRY.—It was currently rumoured in the city, that, at the meeting held on 25th May, at the house of Sir Robert Peel, the present ministry were at one moment virtually out of office, the head of treasury department consenting to retain the seals of office only upon the understanding that he was to have the support of the conservative majority on the Canada corn question—a position which led to the withdrawal of a powerful opposition to the ministerial project.

Morning Post.

In the recent lettings of the grass parks in Scotland, a reduction of from 10 to 15 per cent has been generally submitted to.

Mr. Batty has entirely rebuilt Astley's Amphitheatre, and it is now one of the most splendid of the metropolitan theatres.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.—There are 216 mechanics' institutions in England comprising 26,651 members and subscribers, of whom about one half belong to the class of workmen. The average number of members, therefore, is 119. The number of lectures delivered yearly in these institutions is about 1,196. The three great means of usefulness in mechanics' institutions are—1st, Classes for regular instruction; 2d, Lectures; 3d, Libraries. The Liverpool Mechanics' Institution cost no less than £15,000; contains upwards of 3,300 members; 850 pupils in three day schools; 600 pupils in fifteen or sixteen evening classes; has 50 teachers regularly employed, whose salaries amount to £5,000 a year; a library of 7,000 volumes, with 1,300 readers; and a daily distribution of 200 volumes; and public lectures twice a week, attended by audiences varying from 600 to 1,300.

EMIGRATION.—There is we understand, a considerable diminution in the number of individuals who have emigrated this spring, as compared with the number which had emigrated up to this period last year. There is, however, a remarkable change in the class now emigrating. Last year the vast bulk of the emigrants were of the manufacturing class: this year very few comparatively of that class are emigrating, whilst there is a marked increase in the number of the agricultural class. We are assured by a gentleman extremely well informed on the subject of emigration, that the agricultural emigrants are principally farmers, or persons who have been connected with the cultivation of the land. They arrive here from all parts of England and Scotland, and nearly all emigrate to the United States. As they are entered, in the return to the Custom-house, as "labourers," it is only by persons engaged in the business of forwarding passengers that the real situation in life of the emigrants is known. So far this year, the emigration of the farming classes has been positively and comparatively large, and present appearances give every reason to believe that it will continue during the season. The fact shows that there is great and growing distress amongst the agricultural classes.

Liverpool paper.

The subscription commenced a short time ago to relieve Miss Mitford from her pecuniary embarrassments, has gone on so well, that in a recent letter to a friend, she says—"The debts are all paid, and there will be some hundreds surplus, which was what my friends wished in their kindness. For my own part, I was ever more set upon the payment of the debts, but now both parties are gratified."

MEHNET ALI.—The *Augsburg Gazette*, of the 12th inst., states that the intellectual faculties of the Pacha of Egypt appear to diminish daily, and that, in consequence, he has yielded to his former violence of character, and, as a proof, mentions that an officer who dared to interfere for some unfortunate fellows was ordered to be beaten to death.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON.—A letter from Marseilles, in one of the Paris journals, says—"It will be remembered, that a few months ago a quarrel arose between M. de la Roche-Pouchin and Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome Bonaparte. They quitted Italy, where they were narrowly watched, announcing their intention of fighting elsewhere. On the 10th they were both at Marseilles, and a meeting of their seconds took place. M. Mery, the Prince's second, announced that as the police were apprized of what was intended, the duel must be secret, and proposed that it should be in a room. M. de la Roche-Pouchin would not consent to this, and the Prefect informed the Prince that a gendarme would be placed at the door of his apartment, and he would be under surveillance until he should have quitted Marseilles. The Prince protested, but, as the Prefect persisted, he at length pledged his word, as the condition of his being at liberty, that he would not attempt to fight at Marseilles. In the evening, as he was at his window, he perceived M. de la Roche-Pouchin walking in the street, and soon afterwards, as the window was near the ground, he saw at his feet the glove of M. de la Roche-Pouchin, who exclaimed 'A vous ce gant, Prince Napoleon.' The Prince indignant at this public insult, went to General

d'Hautpoul, and entreated him to exert his influence with the Prefect, with a view of releasing the Prince from his promise. The Prefect informed the Prince, that as the police agents had been witnesses of the provocation of M. de la Roche Pouchin, that gentleman had been arrested by them, and would be dealt with according to law. The Prince left Marseilles on the 15th."

HORRIBLE DESTITUTION.—We find the following from Mahon, (Balearic Islands,) April 21, in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*:—"This morning our port presented a sad and strange spectacle. All the poor of the town (and they form nearly a third of the entire population) were assembled at break of day. The greater number blocked up the quay of the port, or were moving about in boats, of which they had taken forcible possession. Towards eight o'clock the squadron of the United States, which has been here for a fortnight, and particularly two transports belonging to it, threw into the sea an immense quantity of old biscuit. The poor who were swimming and in boats picked them up; and some of them, so great was their hunger, ate them at the time, although saturated with sea water. Soon afterwards the commandant of the fort came up with a considerable force, and compelled the poor to retire to the interior of the town, which they did, uttering imprecations against the director of the customs. The cause of this scene was as follows:—The American squadron having to renew its provision of biscuit, the commandant proposed to the municipality to offer it as a gift to the indigent. The offer was accepted, and the director of the customs was applied to for permission to land the stale biscuit free of duty. This was refused; and the commandant of the squadron, wishing to clear out his biscuit this morning, threw it into the sea, as has been stated. It was truly painful to see persons of all ages, and of both sexes, struggling in the water to catch a mouldy biscuit, and devouring it at once."

LIBELS ON THE QUEEN OF FRANCE, MARIE ANTOINETTE.—The following fact may serve to throw some light on the nature of many of these scurrilous publications. Information was secretly communicated that a work, in the highest degree defamatory of the queen, was preparing somewhere or other. The lieutenant of police commissioned Goupil, the inspector, to make inquiries into the matter, and to find out the author. He came in a short time, and reported that the work was printing at a country house near Yverdon. He brought with him two printed sheets, containing the basest slanders, but fabricated with such extraordinary art a malignity, as to appear extremely probable. Goupil said, that he should be able to get possession of the whole, but for that purpose, a considerable sum would be required. He was furnished with three thousand louis-d'ors. It was not long before he brought the whole of the manuscript to the lieutenant, and was paid an additional sum of one thousand louis-d'ors, as a reward for his zeal and exertions. He was on the point of being promoted to a more lucrative situation, when another spy, envious of his good fortune, disclosed that Goupil was himself the author of the libel in question.

History of Our Own Times.

WHAT'S IN A NAME!—Memorable is that which may be observed out of histories; how that men of the self-same name have begun and ended great states and empires: as Cyrus, the son of Cambyse, began the Persian monarchy; Cyrus, the son of Darius, ruined the same. Darius, the son of Hystaspes, restored it; and again Darius, the son of Arsamis, utterly overthrew it. Philip, the son of Amyntas, especially enlarged the kingdom of Macedonia; Philip, the son of Antigonus, wholly lost the same. Augustus was the first established emperor of Rome; Augustus, the last. Constantine Magnus, born in this isle, first began the empire of Constantinople; Constantine, the last, left it to the Turks, and utterly lost the same, &c. The like observation is, that some names are unfortunate to princes; as Caius among the Romans; John in France, England, and Scotland; and Henry in France.

Camden's Remains.

THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE.—It is rumoured that the noble marquis, who has signified his adhesion to the "New Secession," has resolved to make a contribution of £10,000 to its funds.

SPREAD EAGLE.—The eagle with two necks, in the imperial arms, and in the arms of the King of Spain, signifies the east and west empire, and the extension of their power from the east to the west.

HER MAJESTY'S CONTEMPLATED VISIT TO IRELAND.—Notwithstanding every arrangement has been perfected, connected with the intended and long contemplated visit of the Sovereign to her Irish dominions, and all the necessary preparations are in a state of completeness, it is now considered not only extremely uncertain, but very improbable, that her Majesty will carry her gracious intentions into effect during the ensuing summer, in consequence of the alarming state of excitement and threatened commotion, which now prevails throughout a great portion of the Sister Isle.

THE LATE "DUCHESS OF SUSSEX."—As the fact is becoming a matter of general discussion, that in the event of the death of the King of Hanover and of the Crown Prince, his son, the question of the title of Sir Augustus D'Este to the throne of that kingdom will create some controversy, the following letter from her royal highness (the Countess of Ameland) to Sir S. J. Dillon, will not be uninteresting. It is dated so long since as December 16, 1811:—"My dear sir,—I wished to have answered your last letter, but having mislaid your first I did not know how to direct to you. I am sure you must believe that I am delighted with your pamphlet; but I must confess I do not think you have stated the fact quite exactly, when you say (p. 25,) 'that the question is at rest between me and the Duke of Sussex, because the connection has not only been declared illegal by sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, but has been dissolved by consent—that I have agreed to abandon all claims to his name,' &c. Now, my dear sir, had I believed the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court to be anything but a stretch of power my girl would not have been born. Lord Thurlow told me my marriage was good abroad—religion taught me it was good at home, and not one decree of any powerful enemy could make me believe otherwise, nor ever will. By refusing me a subsistence they have forced me to take a name—not the Duke of Sussex's—but they have not made me believe I had no right to his. My children and myself were to starve, or I was to obey, and I obeyed; but I am not convinced. Therefore, pray don't call this 'an act of mutual consent'—or say, 'the question is at rest.' The moment my son wishes it, I am ready to declare that it was debt, imprisonment, arrestation, necessity (force like this, in short,) which obliged me to seem to give up my claims, and not my conviction of their fallacy. When the banns were published in the most frequented church in London, and where all the town goes, is not that a permission asked? And why were they not forbid? I believe my marriage at Rome good, and I shall never feel 'the question at rest,' till this is acknowledged. Prince Augustus is now sent to Jersey, as Lieutenant D'Este, in the 7th Fusiliers. Before he went he told his father he had no objection to go under any name they chose to make him take; but that he knew what he was, and the time, he trusted, would come when himself would see justice done to his mother and sister, and his own birth."

American Summary.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE.—The *Madisonian*, of Saturday evening, contains the official announcement of the appointment of the Hon. Abel P. Upshur to the post of Secretary of State *ad interim*.

HONORS TO THE MEMORY OF MR. LEGARE.—As a mark of respect to the memory of the Hon. Hugh S. Legare, late Attorney General, and Secretary of State, *ad interim*, the President has directed that, at all Navy Yards and Naval Stations, and on board all war vessels of the United States Navy in commission, the following ceremonies shall be observed, on the day after the receipt of the order:

The flag to be hoisted at half-mast from sunrise until sunset.

Seventeen minute guns to be fired, commencing at noon.

All officers of the Navy and Marine Corps to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days.

At the Military Posts of the Army, guns are to be fired every half hour, and the national flag displayed at half staff, from sunrise to sunset on the day next after the receipt of the order.

The Secretary of the Treasury has invited the officers employed in that Department to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days.

EVACUATION OF YUCATAN.—The schooner *Dover*, arrived at New Orleans on the 15th inst, brings advices from Sisal to the 10th, from the tenor of which we infer that the long contest with Mexico has been finally terminated.

The Mexican army under General Ampudia had evacuated the Eminencias overlooking Campeachy and had made several unsuccessful efforts, both at Sisal and Telchac, to charter transports for their conveyance to Laguna or Tampico.

The Yucatecos are said to have retired from their forts and dismantled their guns.

Com. Moore was to sail shortly with the Texan fleet for New Orleans or Galveston.

The party of Mexicans who burned Telchac, were captured without resistance a few days after, and deprived of arms and ammunition.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A Southern physician, in a communication on the treatment of this most terrific of diseases, published in the *New Orleans Tropic*, observes—

"All that is absolutely necessary to be known on the subject is comprised in the following very few words, viz: that there is no earthly remedy as yet discovered for the cure of the disease when completely developed. The vinegar cure that I have lately seen published, I consider as extremely problematical, yet I would try it in case of necessity. But there is a most certain preventive cure, and one within the reach of every person i. e. to examine the under part of the tongue daily, for a considerable length of time, and if little watery lumps, blisters, or pustules appear, to open them and discharge the matter; continuing this operation as long as fresh ones appear. This is all that is necessary to prevent the disease from taking place."

He then proceeds to say that any person receiving the virus, will evince it, sooner or later, and always before any symptoms of madness occur, by little pustules rising on the under part of the tongue, generally in six to nine days, but sometimes later. The pustules contain the hydrophobic poison; they are to be opened with a sharp-pointed instrument; and the matter spit out; they are too tough to break of themselves, and if not opened and discharged the matter will be re-absorbed, and it is this re-absorption which causes the dreadful disease. This, then, is the grand thing you have to do; examine the tongue of the bitten person two or three times a day, and as soon as any pustules are discovered open them, and make the person spit out the matter washing the mouth afterwards with salt and water.

This course is the same that was recommended by Professors Marochetti of Moscow, in 1820, and it has been proved to be effectual. In 1832, the physician who makes this communication to the *Tropic*, was called to visit a negro woman who had been bitten by a rabid dog, and, by pursuing the treatment recommended above, he was successful in curing her. His first intimation of this mode of cure, he says, was derived from a publication in an English Magazine, made forty years ago by a gentleman who had recently returned from Tartary, where mad dogs were common, and where, when anyone is bitten, this means of preventing hydrophobia is resorted to, and always considered highly efficacious.

This course, for preventing hydrophobia, is so safe and so simple that it may be practised by any person. It can do no harm, and, if any cases should occur he would advise those who are interested to try it.

The *New Orleans Bulletin* of June 16th says:—"An English gentleman who met at Havana with Mr. Simpson, the person of that name who figures so largely in the proceedings which led to the cession of the Sandwich Islands, and who has gone via Havana with despatches from Lord Paulet to the British Government, informs us that Simpson represented to him that the seizure was without authority of Government."

SOMETHING SINGULAR.—**WISCONSIN AND FOX RIVERS.**—These rivers, near Fort Winnebago on the Wisconsin, run parallel to each other, though in different directions. The distance between each is but a mile and a quarter. They are simply separated by a plain or flat piece of ground, and, what is remarkable, in high water they run into each other and thus become united. Almost ever since the snow melted this spring they have been thus connected. The flat separating them has been covered with water to the depth of four feet—some say six—the present season, or sufficient to admit a steamboat to navigate up the Wisconsin, across the flat, and thus find its way down the Fox river into Lake Michigan at Green Bay! A canal could easily be constructed, one mile and a quarter in length which would effectually unite the waters of the Mississippi with those of the Great Lakes.

Iowa Hawk-eye.

TROUBLE BREWING IN CANADA.—The *Montreal Herald*, of the 24th, (last Saturday,) warns the British Government to beware in time,—for that though outwardly all seems peaceable, mischief is brewing rapidly in Canada. That paper avers that meetings are frequently held in Montreal, which are largely attended by the French Canadians, and secret societies, having for their object the dismemberment of Canada from the Mother country, prevail throughout the French districts.

This editor will have it that another Rebellion is in reality, organizing, that irregular bodies of cavalry and infantry have been seen manœuvring &c.

We place no great faith in these alarming givings-out. The editor of the *Herald* is probably more frightened than circumstances warrant.

The largest diamond known is in the possession of the Emperor of Brazil: it is valued at £5,500,000. The Emperor of Russia has the next in worth.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS AT BUNKER HILL.

One of the most pleasing traits of the late celebration in Massachusetts was the presence of the Hundred and Ten veterans of the Revolutionary struggle, who formed a part of the procession.

The papers have abounded with anecdotes of these interesting veterans, whose actions on the time-honoured mount during the delivery of the splendid oration of Mr. Webster, were all remarked with deep interest by a multitude of spectators. But nothing gave us more pleasure on the occasion than a conversation which we had with an old acquaintance of our childhood, who in those days all were wont to call "Miller Adams." This old gentleman is now about eighty-four years of age, and is a resident of Newbury Oldtown, in Essex county, Massachusetts. He was a revolutionary soldier, and is now enjoying a pension from government. He is in the full possession of his faculties, and converses with cheerfulness on "the times that tried men's souls." Indeed, it seems a great satisfaction to him to do so. He was engaged in the military operations in Rhode Island, and was at West Point, at the detection of General Arnold's treason.

The *Newburyport Herald* relates an interesting legend as to Braddock's defeat, which is handed down to us, through this Mr. Adams, as related to him by a veteran engaged in that memorable incident in the Old French War. As we heard it from the "Old Miller's" own lips but a few days since, we can vouch for its authenticity.

It will be recollected by many that Governor Everett, in some of his researches, obtained information which led him to suppose that Braddock was killed by his own men. This is fully confirmed by the statement of Mr. Adams, which he derived from Capt. Isley, of Newbury. The French General, Dieskau, who defeated Braddock, was himself defeated the next year by Sir William Johnson; and Isley being a soldier under Johnson at that time, became acquainted with a man who was with Braddock, and who was standing by when that General fell. He stated that the principal officers had previously advised a retreat, which the General would not listen to; and after nearly all the principal officers had been killed, a captain approached the general and renewed the advice for a retreat; whereupon Braddock immediately shot down the captain. This captain had a brother who was a lieutenant, and was standing near at the time, and who, upon seeing his brother fall, raised his carbine and shot Braddock. Several of the soldiers saw the whole of this scene, but they said nothing concerning it, as a word from them would have sealed the fate of the lieutenant. Braddock wore a coat of mail in front, which would turn a musket ball, and the ball which proved fatal to him entered his back and was stopped in front of the body by this coat of mail.

Capt. Isley, from whom Mr. Adams had this account, was with Gen. Johnston in the French war and afterwards drove a meal wagon in this town, which he relinquished to Mr. Adams in 1790. He was captain of the far-famed Silver Greys, which were raised in this town. A brother of his was one of the most distinguished officers of the revolutionary war, and on one occasion led on a forlorn hope, which after its departure was recalled by the commanding general, who, on deliberation, came to the conclusion that the object to be attained would require too great a sacrifice of life to be attempted.

Just before the battle between Dieskau and Johnston, the French commander sent a flag of truce to Johnston, telling him that he should sleep in the tent of the latter that night. Capt. Isley was wont to remark on this story, that the Frenchman did sleep there, but he had a sentinel to guard him, and was badly wounded. The French force which attacked Johnston in his entrenchments was nearly annihilated in this battle.

SEIZURE OF AN AMERICAN VESSEL.

The *Tribune* has a long account of the seizure and detention of the brigantine Robert, owned by Messrs. Gilman & Small, of this city, and commanded by Capt. Albert Cook, engaged in trading to the coast of Africa. It seems that the brig, previous to her arrival at Sierra Leone in March last, had been trading along the coast, and a correct list of her cargo could not be made out, as the supercargo had remained at another port to trade.

Upon entering the vessel, however, this error in the manifest was mentioned to the Collector, who stated in the presence of a witness, that "the explanation was quite satisfactory, and promised that if any other articles were discovered, the report might be amended, and no seizure should be made."

On the 12th of April, when Capt. Cook applied for his clearance, the vessel was searched as usual, and a few packages of tea found, upon which the Collector refused to allow the report to be amended, seized the tea, claimed of the master the forfeiture, and refused to clear the vessel until the 15th of April. On the 17th, having received her clearance, the Robert stood out to sea. She had cleared the harbour, and had got into the broad sea—being westward of the Cape and in the Atlantic—when she was boarded by Collector McCormack, who found the captain absent and the mate in charge, a pilot being at the helm. The Collector ordered the vessel about.

Capt. Cook, seeing the vessel returning, immediately went on board, handed a note to Mr. McCormack, which he said would satisfy him, and ordered the man at the wheel to put about and stand out to sea. Mr. McCormack went aft, seized the captain by the shoulders and thrust him from the wheel. The captain turned and pushed him off; the cabin door being open and near, McCormack fell headlong down the stairs, but instantly returned, seized the captain, who had been able to procure no weapon but a spyglass, and called out for his boat's crew of negroes, who immediately came on board, as did also the pilot's negro crew, and the fight became general between the captain's crew and the two bands of negroes. The latter proved the victors. Capt. Cook was thrown upon the deck, his clothes torn off, his body trampled upon, and he dragged by a rope across the deck and lashed to a gun. His crew were treated in a similar manner, and watched by McCormack's men, who armed themselves with knives and axes found on board.

The vessel was then taken up the river several miles to Freetown. Captain Cook was here thrust into a dungeon, where no white man could live many days, and only removed to more endurable quarters after urgent solicitation and the offer of heavy bail by a friend.

The vessel was then searched again—but nothing found on board not included in the manifest, except the ammunition in her magazine provided for her defence, for making signals, &c., and which formed no part of their cargo. The Collector seized the ship's Register, her Clearance, accounts of sale of her cargo, and private papers, and removed the Chronometer, some bags of money, and other articles—some of which have never been restored. On the 21st of April they were formally demanded and surrendered, with the exception of the Clearance, which the Collector said he should retain till the Captain's alleged forfeitures (in amount £200) were paid. He was told by the Captain's legal adviser that the vessel could not be detained on those grounds, and on the 22d he gave up the Clearance.

The Captain and Mate were afterwards arrested and fined £5 each for an assault on Collector McCormack, which was sworn to by his men.

Capt. Cook immediately wrote to Lieut. Arthur Lewis, commanding the United States brig Porpoise, concerning the affair, enclosing copies of the testimony given before the Police, and all papers necessary. Lieut. Lewis forwarded them to the Secretary of the Navy, by whom they were handed over to the State Department.

It is alleged by McCormack that he only acted in performance of his duty.

Captain Cook contends in reply, 1, that the vessel was out of the Collector's jurisdiction, being on the high seas; 2, that the Tea, (without reference to the Collector's promise,) though perhaps legally seizable, would not be forfeited in equity, as the vessel was going out of port, and no design of importing it could be supposed; 3, that the Gunpowder was part of the ship's stores, necessary to the voyage, and no more to be reported than the biscuit or other provisions; 4, that, at any rate, the vessel was entitled to her clearance after 24 hours notice; 5, that the seizure of the vessel at sea was an outrage utterly unwarranted by law—as the only case in which the Act of Parliament warrants this procedure is when vessels hovering within shore shall refuse to depart after 24 hours notice; 6, that the seizure of the ship's papers was unlawful; and 7, that the detention of the vessel after the search was entirely unwarranted.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1843.

Some weeks ago we asked attention and encouragement towards the formation of a Society dedicated to the promotion of the best interests of Emigrants, and more particularly to their protection against the numerous harpies who beset them at the very moment of their arrival here, in a land to them both strange and distant from that of their fathers and their own early associations. It is notorious that the abuses to which they are exposed, and the frauds which are committed upon those strangers, not only tend to increase greatly the expenses of the city and to entail a useless population within its bounds, but also to deteriorate by rapid degrees the moral character of the victims. It does more than all this, it robs the country of the skill, industry, and capital which would so largely and directly benefit the public weal, whilst it would be equally advantageous to the stranger who is the medium of their being brought into use.

A general Emigrant Association was concocted not long ago, its principles were developed, its plans were deliberated upon and all but definitively concluded; it had the countenance and authority of the city magistracy, of many of the principal merchants, ship-owners, and persons of benevolent feelings; it had even proceeded so far as the appointment of a Committee for the purpose of framing a constitution upon recognised plans;—and yet this noble, this philanthropic design was suffered to die away because a few lawless vagabonds broke into the committee room, behaved outrageously to the members, and made their escape unmolested! Is it possible that philanthropy and the sense of utility can be so lukewarm in action as to be effectually defeated under such an attack? Does not the outrage itself shew still more strongly the necessity of a defence such as an Emigrant Association properly constituted and vigorously carried out would present? Does not insulted magistracy put forth its powers to wash out the stain on its own precincts!—for the mayor's office was the place of the infamous obtrusion,—and should not merchants, traders, prosperous foreigners, and naturalised citizens, come forward with redoubled energy, to vindicate the majesty of the law, and the cause of benevolence? We do trust that a meeting will immediately be called to forward the good work. Here is a long summer before us, in which to be useful, and for our own part, according to our humble means, right gladly will we render a helping hand to bring so excellent a scheme to maturity.

On this head we copy the following appropriate paragraph from the *Morning Express* of this city; it speaks plainly on the evils which we deprecate.

EMIGRANTS.—The Agents of the different Transportation Lines West, held a meeting at the Mayor's office in this city, on Thursday evening to make suitable arrangements to correct the existing and growing impositions that are hourly practised, in this city, on the friendless emigrants that constantly crowd our wharves. There was but one opinion as to the enormity of the evil, and a unanimous disposition to correct it so far as lay in their power, and with this view, they adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That abandoning all sectional and personal feelings, they would, if aided by the public authorities, cordially co-operate with the public in endeavouring to do away with all causes of complaint. They proposed to divide the business and the proceeds thereof equitably among all those who are actually engaged in the business and possess the means of fulfilling or carrying out their engagements, to give good and sufficient security each for the faithful performance of all contracts, to appoint unexceptionable agents to visit the emigrants, either at the Quarantine or at such wharf as the Corporation may set apart for the landing of emigrant passengers, to establish a low and uniform rate of fare, and to transact the whole business without the intervention of Passage Runners or Brokers.

This plan, if carried out, is all and just what the public requires, and we hope to see it speedily carried into execution.

In our literary columns to-day are some remarks upon a work which, considered in connexion with its author, may cause a smile of affected contempt on the countenances of some, and pretended if not real indignation in others, but which we view with the highest satisfaction. It is "Conversations on the Parables," from the pen of Lord Stanley, one of her Majesty's principal secretaries of State. Now the idea of a statesman, so deeply immersed in the difficult politics of the day, engaged in the intricate warfare of worldly opinion, and

the maintenance of an assailed government; whose private hours may be supposed to be severely taxed in providing for the due fulfilment of his public duties, and whose mind, according to ordinary notions, is filled with vast affairs of men and nations—that such a one should find either leisure or inclination to expound parables to children, is probably inexplicable as well as trivial to many a grave and common-place personage; and, that a layman, a nobleman, and a busy man of the world, should undertake so responsible a task, will offend the notions of many an ascetic and dogmatic professor of religion. But, no; Lord Stanley is not placed in either of these two predicaments; but let us view the matter thus; here is a pillar of the state, a member of the church, upholding that church in his place in Parliament, and practically evincing the sincerity of his professions, by endeavouring to instil its sacred principles into the opening minds of children. As a mere spectacle it is "worthy of gods and men."

Our own familiar friends will doubtless recollect a passage in the writings of Addison which is so great a favourite of ours that we have quoted it a thousand times;—we must quote it once again on this occasion, as being peculiarly applicable, in more ways than one. "An elevated soul," says he, "employed in little things, is like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour yet retains his magnitude, and pleases more, though he dazzles less." With the utmost reverence we venture to apply this simile, drawn from created things, to the actions of Him who is above all creation; even to the blessed Redeemer himself. All the acts, precepts, and examples of our Divine master are perfect and worthy of unqualified admiration, but in entering upon that consideration which it is our duty, as it should be our delight to enter, we may, in all humility, observe that although his miracles most attract our wonder and adoration, it is to his teaching that we turn with the warmest satisfaction, and his teaching by parables is by far the most impressive and lasting, because, first, they exercise the intellect, next they carry clear convictions, and finally they impress the minds of the hearers with belief of the heavenly wisdom of the speaker.

There is something sublimely simple in the structure of Parables, as applied to the inculcation of moral and religious principles. This style of teaching is rarely found in the Old Testament, but in the New it admirably abounds. From the narrative form, and the brevity of each account, it is the more easily comprehended by those who are to learn from it, and, among youth it has always been peculiarly attractive. Unlike the fable it does not require the unnatural assumptions of intelligence in the lower parts of creation, but usually takes mankind and their ordinary thoughts and actions by way of lesson. A fable would have been useless to Nathan in bringing conviction of sin to David, but, by a parable the seer made the monarch pronounce his own condemnation from his own lips. The parables of the Saviour have not any personal but always general application, and have been found in season under every condition of society. How beautiful then it is to seize any of these captivating but important lessons, and explain in simple and familiar terms the moral or spiritual meaning conveyed in it, to the ductile mind of attentive childhood, thus gradually paving the way to the establishment of an honest, moral, devout, thankful, and confident spirit when the understanding shall have arrived at maturity. We could here dilate, and find unmixed pleasure in doing so, on the peculiar beauties of the several parables which adorned the precepts of our heavenly master, but neither our limits nor our capacity would enable us to do so in fitting terms; yet we cannot dismiss this great subject without calling attention to one in particular which we think transcendently impressive above all the rest. It is that of "The Pharisee and the Publican;" and oh! how needful is it to impress due notions betimes of these two distinct and opposite characters! How needful to deprecate that insolent feeling in the minds of creatures of clay "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are!" and to inculcate the humiliating, but not despairing feeling of "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

But although we may justly feel diffident in applying our favourite remark to so high a subject as that on which we have now remarked, it well applies to the noble lord who so well employs his leisure as to occupy it in the instruction of little children. Well he knows that these children are to be the future citizens of the state, and that with them and such as them, will rest both the prosperity of their country and the maintenance of religion. In nothing, that we know of, could he more directly shew his own convictions respecting the truth and importance of that religion which he so steadfastly maintains; and yet,—so says the account—his little book reaches its sixth edition before the information reaches the world, of its author's name. He does not, like the Pharisee, do his good works at the corners of the streets, that he "may be known of men," nor does he declare aloud, "I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess;" much rather can we imagine of such a man, confessing devoutly that his "very excellences are but as filthy rags," and making, in spirit, the humbler prayer of the repentant publican.

Let us cease then, from the vain-glorious notion that we cannot be worthily or usefully employed in letters, unless it be in the pride of literature and the pomp of learned expression; in the depths of science or in the elevated walks of worldly wisdom; in the creations of imagination, or the dreams and songs of poetry. All these, in their turn and place, are good for edification or for rational entertainment; but depend upon it that expounding the parables of the Saviour to children, or any other occupation which will

"Pour the first instruction o'er the mind
Will breathe the enlivening spirit, and will fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast,"

will be found at last as useful in our generation, and give as much peace to the soul, as the giving of large alms to be recorded in newspapers, or as fighting polemical disputes, in which neither side ever allows itself to be considered beaten.

There has, we fear, been a mistaken precipitation in the summary manner of dismissing Lieutenants of counties and county magistrates in Ireland lately.

This, however, is not the fault of the government except that they have made bad choice of a chancellor for Ireland in these precarious times. Sir Edward Sugden, although an excellent chancery lawyer is somewhat petulant in his temper, and withal a very indifferent politician. One very particular instruction he received, to attend to the preservation of the Union but, with respect to his action on the premises they left him to his—*discretion!* The consequence of which has been that he has discharged, by wholesale, magistrates and officials who, though their leaning might be to the obnoxious measure, had not done anything illegal; thus he plunges them at once into full participation when he might have kept them in some sort of restraint. For, say that there were some demonstration so strong as to require the interposition of local magistracy, and any of those now discharged had been called upon to interfere; these would have been under the necessity of either moderating the offensive party, or of discharging themselves, which would at least have saved the government the odium of a gratuitous dismissal.

These things have been done, however, and the ministry, though chagrined at the movement are obliged to defend the act of the chancellor in general terms. But the move was a bad one, and cannot be rectified although its further progress may. We are the more surprised at this mode of action in Sir Edward Sugden because he is exceedingly sensitive in his feelings, and knows how keenly sarcastic the Irish are in their wit, particularly when they are politically offended. The social and moral position in which he stands will be subjects for sneer that will make him wince, and probably madden him into acts still more dangerous to the peace of Ireland; we conceive, therefore, that it would be a not unwise move to have him recalled, at least for the present, and send a more prudent, cool, and conciliating man in his room.

We had occasion to remark, a fortnight ago, that a "particular" contemporary made a false comparison when, in reference to the troubles in Ireland he observed that France also had her Algiers. Now it is well known that the very project of conquering Algiers and making it a French colony originated not more than fourteen or fifteen years ago, and that although a few places on the sea-board are at present in the hands of the French, yet the possession is precarious and is liable to be taken from them at almost any hour. The truth is that, in the attempt to make Algiers a permanent possession, France receives but little sympathy from any other European nation, and indeed the very principle is contested whereby she sets up her purpose to do so. The history of Algiers under its government by Deys was a tissue of despotism, rapacity, barbarism, within; but with that no nation without had any right to interfere; but it was also a system of piracy, robbery, and universal spoliation on the sea, including not only the abstraction of property, but the reduction of human beings to slavery for the sordid purpose of holding them to extravagant ransom. In process of time this could no longer be borne, and the United States were the first to give the Dey a proof that the time for such lawless conduct, so offensive to the laws of nations, was now gone by. An Algerine frigate and a brig were taken by the Republican marine, in 1815, and a treaty of a nature somewhat humiliating to the insolent corsair nation was concluded. This being but a partial check, and affecting only American interests, the Algerines next received a severe castigation from an English squadron under the command of Lord Exmouth, the city being bombarded, and a ruinous demolition ensuing. Another humiliating treaty on the part of the Dey ensued, yet still the mischievous propensities of the Algerines were not effectually checked; at length, in 1827, France resolved to revenge an affront offered to her consul there, by taking possession of Algiers and depriving it for ever of the power to annoy the commerce of the Mediterranean. This was not effected until 1830, but soon afterwards the whole line of the Algerine sea-board came under the French control, and the piracy of that state was finished, we trust for ever. Thus far France had done real service to the whole world; but, flushed with the conquest and the military ardour generated under the Bonaparte system still unquenched, she now resolves on retaining the Algerine dominions permanently, on passing into the interior with her troops and taking possession as far back as the Atlas chain, in short on colonising them, and, covertly perhaps, on obtaining for herself a maritime influence in the Mediterranean, through the chain of coast on both sides of it. Her professions at the outset, to the European states, were cautious and conciliatory: she was not intending to keep permanent possession in Africa, but only until the tranquillity which she had effected should be rendered permanent. She held on so long, however, that gradually the entire purpose leaked out, although so beautifully little by little, that the whole is now understood without its having created serious solicitude as to its general political effects.

Now, setting aside the consideration of her usurped dominion there, what has she done? The sea-board is hers, and whilst her attention is so deeply engaged in the interior, the French possession of the coast is really an advantage to all who traverse the Mediterranean; but that she really knows nothing of colonisation there let the reports of all travellers speak who have visited the country during the last ten years. But indeed she cannot colonise far beyond the protection of her forts near the sea, for the ever restless, ever indomitable Abdel-Kader is alive, and, at least as long as he shall live and be at liberty the inland country of Algiers will not be more than virtually a French settlement. We have given a brief memoir of that remarkable young man,—for he is still young—in the present number, and it will be seen that like Mehemet Ali he is ahead of his time and country. He observes, and he applies his observations, he seeks improvements and acts upon them; he has a determined purpose, a never-ceasing enmity against the French, and he will never forego his operations against them but with life or through lack of means. Defeat does not daunt him, nor does he lose much beyond the ground where it takes place; he retires, but he is presently in arms in another quarter; in short he fights for his home, and we have some idea that he will save it.

CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE NORTHERN AND THE SOUTHERN MEMBERS OF THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The important trial of skill between the Northern (English) and Southern (English) members, which has been repeatedly postponed on account of the weather, at length took place on Monday last, on the Cricket Ground belonging to the Club, in Thirtieth Street, Bloomingdale-road. It was impossible to have a finer day for the occasion, there being many light clouds all day to temper the heat, and an agreeable breeze without being too strong to affect the playing. The wickets were pitched at half-past nine, and the play should have commenced at ten, but for the tardiness of attendance on the part of Members. At length it appeared that although there were eleven Southern men on the ground there could not be mustered more than nine of the Northern. Mr. Tinson the President, and Mr. Milner, both on the Southern side, then generously agreed to play *outsides* for both, and not to take the bat for either, thus making a full field for the play; and Mr. Tinson adhered throughout the day, to the arduous duty of wicket keeper, than whom we have never seen a better since we have known what the game of Cricket is.

At twenty-seven minutes past 11, A.M., the Northern side having won the choice commenced their First Innings, Wright and Syme assuming the bats. Wright unfortunately was labouring under severe indisposition and was so languid in the early part of the play as to render it necessary to have one to run for him, but his playing was excellent; he made twenty runs, and although he went in first he brought out his bat at the end of the innings. Syme although a capital batsman was bowled down at the very first ball of that tremendous overhand bowler, Groom. He was succeeded by Dodsworth a veteran player who after a single run received his quietus from a swift ball by Bailey. Wild next took the bat, a hard hitter and an experienced player; he made five runs and was then demolished by one of Groom's tremendous balls, which swept away the middle stump of his wicket at the same time, it being broken as short as a carrot. Spawforth now succeeded to the bat, and at the first ball he made five runs by a back hit; he increased his runs to seven and then was laid low by Bailey. Green then went in,—another hard hitter and cool deliberate player—he made nine runs, seemed to set all bowling at defiance, but was caught out by the eagle-eyed and sure-handed Bailey. To him succeeded Owen, a young but promising batsman, who after making one run had to succumb to one of Groom's balls which after hitting him slightly on the stomach turned aside upon the wicket. Taylor came next who was caught out by Vinton after making three runs, and Shaw was the last, who was neatly stumped out by Tinson. It is impossible to speak too highly of the admirable arrangement of the field, made by Mr. Tinson who took charge of that duty, nor of the fielding of the Southerners, except a little in the beginning. To these arrangements, the fielding and the beautiful bowling, must be ascribed the success chiefly of that party. In this Inning twenty *overs* (of six balls each) and one ball, were bowled by the Southern bowlers.

The Southern men now went in, commencing with Skippon and Bage. The latter batted admirably and kept in till nearly the end of his party; he effected forty-three runs and was then caught out by Green in so capital a style as to elicit the admiration of all the spectators. Skippon after ten rounds was stumped by Dodsworth; Vinton followed next, and having made three runs was then prostrated by one of Wild's swift balls. To him succeeded Bailey one of the best men of the club, but his wicket fell under the correct hand of Green, after obtaining seven runs. Then came the powerful Groom, but alack! he fell at the very first blow by the same unerring hand of Green. To him succeeded Nichols a very promising cricketer in every department of the game; but the same fate and by the same hand attended him. Now came forward Warrin who kept his bat till he had made thirteen runs, when he was at length run out very narrowly. After Warrin came Harrison, a left-handed veteran of 72 years of age; he made but two runs but brought his bat out, his companion Downing having been bowled out by Green after making two runs. The Northern men fielded very indifferently and without method; Bage gave them many chances by his habit of striking the ball up, but he ever escaped until he fell into Green's hands as we have already observed. The Southerners at the end of this Inning were 28 ahead of their antagonists. Twenty-two *overs* were bowled by the Northern bowlers.

The Northern party went in again, Dodsworth and Spawforth assuming the bats. After four runs Dodsworth was stumped by the hawk-eyed and ready-handed Tinson; and Spawforth fell before the rapid ball of Bailey, after achieving also four runs; Syme well known as a batter, but too eager a striker, made five runs and was caught by Skippon who is a steady fielder. Wright still very much indisposed obtained ten runs, but was finally run out; Green succeeded him, and also obtained ten runs but the watchful Vinton gave him his quietus by catching his ball. Then followed Wild who added seven to the score, and finally brought his bat out. Taylor forfeited his bat by having his leg before the wicket, and Shaw was stumped out as before. The bowling of the Southern party had not the marked excellence this time which characterised the first innings of the Northerners, but the fielding was admirable, and the field arrangement equally so. The Northern party were now but twenty-two ahead, and the game was all but certain to the Southern players. Nineteen *overs* were bowled this time.

The South again resumed the bat, commencing with Groom and Skippon. The latter after two runs was bowled out by Green; he was succeeded by Nichols who after six runs sustained a severe wound in his right hand, and was permitted to retire with leave to resume his bat and finish his innings if necessary. Bage then took the bat but by this time the game was won by the Southern players, Groom having made eighteen runs off his bat; and there were still six wickets to go down. Twelve *overs* were bowled, before the game terminated.

Although there are many excellent Southern players yet it cannot be denied that very much of their success depended on their fielding and marshalling; the Northern players are miserably deficient in this particular, being without method and without an acknowledged head. On this account we hardly conceive the North to be a match for the South. Individually the North have some excellent players, and we would particularly point out the doings of *Green* as a proof of our assertion.

The following is the score of the game:—

FIRST INNINGS.		NORTHERN.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Wild, b. by Groom.....	5	not out.....	7		
Green, c. by Bailey.....	9	c. by Vinton.....	10		
Dodworth, b. by Bailey.....	1	stumped by Tinson.....	4		
Syme, b. by Groom.....	0	c. by Skippon.....	5		
Wright, not out.....	20	run out.....	10		
Owen, b. by Groom.....	1	b. by Bailey.....	1		
Spawforth, b. by Bailey.....	7	b. by Bailey.....	4		
Taylor, c. by Vinton.....	3	leg before wicket.....	2		
Shaw, stumped by Tinson.....	0	stumped by Tinson.....	0		
Wide.....	3	Wide.....	3		
Byes.....	11	Byes.....	4		
	60		50		
FIRST INNINGS.		SOUTHERN.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Groom, b. by Green.....	0	not out.....	18		
Warrin, run out.....	13	not in.....			
Bage, c. by Green.....	43	b. by Wild.....	1		
Nichols, b. by Green.....	0	hurt and retired.....	6		
Bailey, b. by Green.....	7	not in.....			
Downing, do.....	2	do.....			
Skippon, stumped by Dodworth.....	10	b. by Green.....	2		
Harrison, not out.....	2	not in.....			
Vinton, b. by Wild.....	3	not in.....			
Byes.....	7	Byes.....	6		
Wide.....	1	Wide.....	1		
	86	No Ball.....	1		
			35		

* * The first of the series of Single Wicket Matches, to which we alluded last week, to be played by a member of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, successively against four of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, will take place on the 20th inst., on the Philadelphia ground. Of the succeeding matches of the series we shall give timely notice.

A grand match, at double wicket, between the Philadelphia and St. George's Club, is expected very shortly to take place;—to be played "home and home." Of this, more hereafter.

A splendid vessel, called the *Victoria*, has just been placed upon the London line of Packets, and will sail on her first trip to-day, under the command of Capt. Morgan so well known both as a gentleman and as an experienced and skilful mariner. The *Victoria* is a noble craft of 1000 tons register, built with uncommon strength and with all the improvements which the art of ship-building in modern times has produced. She is of great breadth of beam, thus affording, superior accommodations to passengers; and with a height of nine feet between her lower deck beams, giving the idea of walking along an immense room rather than between decks in a merchant ship. Her accommodation for passengers is admirable, and not less so for those who take up the inferior abode of the steerage, than for those who occupy the cabin state-rooms. The decoration of the cabins may be pronounced in excellent taste, there is an air of elegant substance, without any tawdry gingerbread work about it, a ground glass light at one end has a view of Buckingham palace painted upon it, and at the other end one of Windsor castle with the late improvements and alterations. There are capital cooking accommodations, forward, for the use of the steerage passengers, and most commodious sleeping berths, under the fore-castle deck, for the crew; the latter have also a library allowed to them, consisting of voyages and travels, histories, &c., calculated to entertain as well as improve, and serving as salutary preventives to gambling or profanity. The ship has high bulwarks, and a most spacious poop-deck, in short she has everything appertaining to comfort, and it is thought she will prove a fast sailer. On her stern are carved the British Cross and American Stripes, in friendly conjunction, as under the title of our journal, and the ship's head is a well-carved full-length figure of Queen Victoria, crowned and robed. The ship is provided with a new and ingenious apparatus applied to her rudder, and intended as a preventive to accidents which sometimes occur in heavy weather. Success to her, and to her gallant captain.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The season at this house is fast drawing to its conclusion. The benefits, if indeed they be benefits, are in nightly progress; for instance, that of the worthy treasurer, *Mr. Blake*, took place on Monday evening, and may be reckoned as no misnomer, for the beneficiary is so largely known and so greatly esteemed, that "troops of friends" are ready to greet him on such an occasion. On Tuesday came that of *Mr. E. Shaw*, and on Wednesday was that of the veteran *John Fisher* being his first appeal to the public in the course of fifteen years. Thus matters have proceeded; the house then closed until the 4th of July, the night of which will bring the Drama to the close of its season at The Park Theatre.

Well, and what then? Why, then—but it is only *on dit*, a very questionable authority, which too frequently is at variance from the facts that follow: however—*on dit* that the worthy manager, *Mr. Simpson*, will proceed for England to-day, in the splendid Packet Ship, *Victoria*; that he will not only ransack the modern Babylon itself, but will scour the provinces of England, with a view, primarily, to furnish out a first rate stock company, that may enable him to play Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, Melodrame, and Pantomime; secondly to speculate on the chance of operative strength in order to relieve the

prosaic entertainments, and thirdly to see what can be done in the way of "distinguished strangers" who may make the fall season set out with brilliancy. So far, so good; we like it all, and only hope that, if the news be true, it may be carried out with vigor and spirit, and not done merely by halves; moreover, thus far we really do ourselves believe, at least as regards intention.

Meanwhile—but mind, *on dit*—there is to be a great pulling down and setting up in the interior of the house; reforms and alterations—improvements and embellishments they are called—are to be carried into effect upon a grand scale; from the ceiling to the pit, and from the saloons to the back wall, there will be a grand bustle among carpenters and plasterers, and painters, and carvers, and gilders, and scene-painters, and machinists, and upholsterers, *et sic genus omne*, and that the very face of Old Drury is to be washed, dried, and smoothed. On this head we confess that we are skeptical—aye to such a degree that if some philanthropic lover of the drama were to offer to do all this for the house at his own proper cost and charges, we doubt whether the worthy proprietors of the Theatre would permit it; for, *on dit* again—those worthy proprietors are in number two, holding equal moieties of the property, and—*on dit*—each wishes to have the whole; therefore the house is kept in a shabby condition, and is a losing concern, in order that a moiety may be bought or sold cheap by one of them to the other. In the meantime, both the worthy future buyer and the seller are paying through the nose a very considerable sum, in the shape of theatrical losses. *Eh, bien!* "Penny wise and pound foolish" is an old phrase, which shews that there have long been persons, in different generations, to whom the proverb would apply. We shall end for the present our sagacious remarks with the very novel sentiment, "*Nous verrons.*"

* * Yet once again *on dit*—and this time we are inclined to confide in our authority—that the French company now at Niblo's will remove to this house on the 1st August. There has been some negotiation going on for the addition of *Nourrit* (Tenore cantante) and *Blaise*, (Basso cantante,) who would make the company sufficiently strong to do any French opera whatever. If this take place, our skepticism concerning extensive improvements is well founded.

☐ We are unavoidably obliged to crowd out our remarks on the Bowery and Niblo's this week.

THEATRE FRANCAIS AT NIBLO'S.

THURSDAY, 29th June.

Before we commence our customary report, let us observe that we perceive with pleasure that the performance is begun at the appointed hour, and that long and unnecessary delays between the pieces are avoided. Notwithstanding these improvements, however, some of the houses of late have been rather thin. Why is this? When instead of the delightful singing of *Calvé*, and the admirable orchestra conducted by *Prevost*, we see the same stage occupied by a tight-rope dancer, or by a man who either imitates a frog, or puts himself into all kinds of unnatural contortions, the house is crammed to suffocation; how is this to be reconciled to the principles of good taste? We know, or at least believe, that music is becoming daily more in favour among us, and we think that the French company will achieve a high success in the ensuing week.

In giving, last week the analysis of "L'Eclair," we touched on some blunders of the libretto. Those blunders have contributed to the limited success of the work, in which *Mlle. Calvé* has unfortunately a part not sufficiently prominent. As we expected, the success of the singing lesson produced a great sensation; the phrase, *à l'italienne*, "Je t'aime et pour la vie," excited an enthusiasm difficult to be described. In this passage *Mlle. Calvé* sang so admirably, and displayed so much vigour that the audience were altogether surprised. If she were heard in "Anna Bolena," the surprise would be still greater. *Mme. Lecourt* is charming in *Mrs. Darbel* and *Richer* is most amusingly comic as the innocent student of the University of Oxford. *Lecourt* plays *Lionel* respectably, but the part is too hard for him and he knows it.

We believe "L'Eclair" will not be played again; the company are studying very hard at the "Pré aux Clercs," by *Herold*; and it will probably be brought out on Monday evening. We feel certain of the success of this opera, not only on account of its beautiful music, but also on account of the excellent scenery, the number of persons in the drama, the dramatic action, and the masked ball, which, above all things, will be a great attraction to those who like animated scenes and splendid ball costumes.

"Le Domino Noir" was finely done last night; to-morrow (Friday) "Les Sallimbanques" will be performed; and on Saturday (to-night) "L'Ambassadrice," for the benefit of *Mr. Bernard*, who, on the occasion, will sing the air of the "Marseillois."

Concerts.

MADAME CASTELLAN'S CONCERT.—On Tuesday evening the Apollo Room was opened to an audience that, whatever might be the state of their expectation, were perfectly extasied and astonished. Preliminary praise has been so frequently and so liberally bestowed in this good city of Gotham, that people have begun to distrust it, or even to disbelieve it altogether; and we know of more than one good musical judge who went to the concert on Tuesday with sad misgivings that the *Swan* might prove a *Goose*. Happy mistake! To be disabused of which was so delightful an event. *Mme. Castellan* more than realized the most sanguine expectations, and, without exaggeration, we may declare her to be by far the greatest vocalist that New York has heard since the days of the regretted *Malibran*, nor should we be extravagantly in error if we were to place them on an equality. *Mme. Castellan* has certainly a compass of three entire octaves, every note of which is pure, clear, liquid, true, and so perfectly under her controul that she takes the widest interval between those limits with the most admirable correctness, and without either faltering o

harshness. Her runs, whether simple or chromatic, are rapid, clear, well-defined, well-accentuated, and highly polished; she betrays no painful effort, but an easy, pleased complacency is visible on her handsome countenance, except when the sentiment requires other appropriate expression. Her features are very mobile, and we should therefore presume that her singing in action would be as good as this of the concert room. She sung the "Ardon gl'inunzi" of *Donizetti's Lucia de Lammermoor*, the long recitative of which displayed all her wonderful powers, and stamped her an *artiste* of the highest rank even before she commenced the *aria*. She afterwards sang in the duetto "Tu Sciagurato," from *Bellini's Il Pirata*, being accompanied by her husband, *Sig. Castellan Giampietro*; next the "Son Vergin e Vezzosa" of *Bellini's I Puritani*, and finally the "Ah! non credea" of *Bellini's Sonnambula*. The audience, upon each occasion, were in raptures; at the close of the concert there was one universal and enthusiastic call for her, and when *Mr. Timm* handed her forward, she was received with cheers, every gentleman waving his hat and every lady her handkerchief. Of *Sig. Giampietro's* singing we cannot say much; his style and his judgment are good, but his voice is defective and untrue. *Sig. Paggi* executed two pieces on the Oboe in graceful style, but the composition of the first of them—his own—was exceedingly meagre.

At *Mme. Castellan's* next concert, as we learn, *Mr. Wallace* will assist. With such joint attractions the concert room should be the Park, with an awning over it; for we doubt whether any smaller apartment will hold the numbers who will strive for admittance.

We copy the following from a contemporary, whose remarks we consider to the point:—

"Madame Castellan's voice is of a most extraordinary power and compass—beyond that of Malibran. This voice comprises the purest and richest *contralto*, with the clearest and most powerful *soprano*. On this point there is no living *artiste* to be compared to her. Her execution—her skill—her expression—her feeling—are all equally great, finished, and exquisite. Her personal charms, and her personal character and manner are of the highest order—simple, graceful, and touching. She is quite young, being only about twenty-two years of age—and possesses all the unpretending simplicity of manner which distinguished Malibran in this country. She is much about the same size, and possesses an equally brilliant eye, with a finer head and a better complexion.

This musical wonder—for such we esteem her—is a native of the Lyonesse, in the south of France. In her infancy she developed great musical taste—and at eight years of age she was placed under *Cinti Damoreau*, the celebrated singer. She studied till she was sixteen, at which age she appeared in opera at Rome, Florence, Pisa, and other cities of Italy. About the age of nineteen, she being then married to *Signor Castellan Giampietro*—himself a pure tenor—she left Italy and proceeded to Havana, where she only sung in some private concerts. She went to Mexico, where she has been for two years past, and there she enraptured every one who heard her. She produced the same sensation at New Orleans—but as we put little value on the opinions of those regions on the outer edge of civilization, we regarded them not, until we heard her here.

We have listened to Malibran for years during her brilliant career—we have heard *Grisi*, *Persiani*, *Albertazzi*, among living *artistes*, and we must pronounce Madame Castellan equal to all the latter, and rising into the atmosphere of Malibran or Pasta. There is no exaggeration in these opinions. Madame Castellan is young—not yet at her culmination—but she is destined to run one of the most brilliant careers that ever yet was opened to a child of song."

Music.

NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.—An association under this title has just been formed by the vocalists of the city; it is founded on similar principles, and has similar objects in view, to those which actuated the founders of the New York Philharmonic Society; that is to say, it is intended for the cultivation of taste, and for the proper execution of the vocal works of the best masters in that department of musical science, just as the Philharmonic is doing for the department of instrumentation. In this early stage of the business we can hardly dilate with correctness on the intentions and objects of the new Vocal Society, but we believe that they will mainly consist of singing in parts, such as duets, trios, quartets, quintets, &c., and that the madrigal will be much cultivated, as well as the glee and the chorus. We very much suspect that the term *madrigal* is greatly misunderstood by the public generally, on this side of the Atlantic, and indeed it has hardly been heard here, except at the concert of *Mr. Rosier* a few weeks ago. On that occasion the parts were not very strong, although very correctly given; they consisted of four voices to each part, whereas in the structure of the madrigal the parts will admit of ten, twelve, or sixteen voices to each. Solos will be altogether excluded from the practice of the Society.

The New York Vocal Society purpose, as we learn, to give four concerts in the course of the season, upon similar terms to those of the Philharmonic, and consisting of vocal music in parts. Many subscriptions have already been received, and there is every probability that it will become a prosperous institution. There are innumerable works of first-rate masters in vocalism which have hitherto been sealed books to the public of America, but which this society will materially assist in opening; and we shall certainly consider this the second, as the Philharmonic was the first grand step towards forming an American school of music.

We are sincerely glad this undertaking is commenced, and will be conducted quite distinct from its sister society. By this means different tastes may be gratified, and persons will range up to that which they prefer; although we should by no means be surprised to perceive many individuals members of both. Combinations of the two societies might be advantageously effected, for any special occasion, and we should be delighted to witness a grand musical festival composed of such a combination. Thus the mighty works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others, might be performed; or of the magnificent masters who are still living, such as Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c.

We shall shortly speak more at large on this interesting subject, in the meanwhile we trust that there are many who will join us in most hearty good wishes for its success.

Literary Notices.

BRAND'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. No. VIII.—This excellent work, of which too much can hardly be said, is now two-thirds completed, and, when finished, will make two handsome volumes. The quantity of useful matter in this popular work is altogether astounding when considered in connexion with its price.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.—The Harper edition of the bard's works will be completed on Monday next, on which the eighth and concluding number will be issued. This edition contains numerous finely executed plates, in outline, and useful foot-notes to the text. The sonnets and poems of Shakespeare are included, and a well-written life of the bard.

McCulloch's GAZETTEER. Part I.—The very name of McCulloch is a passport to the excellence of anything to which he puts his hand. This edition will be completed in eighteen or twenty parts, or two large volumes; and we need scarcely add that it will be a highly useful as well as authentic dictionary on geographical and statistical subjects. There will be seven large maps to the work; and when we intimate finally that each part will contain an amount of reading matter equal to two ordinary duodecimo volumes, and that the price of each is but twenty-five cents, we presume that these considerations will cause its sale to be greatly extensive.

* * All the above are published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of this city.

FRONSSART'S CHRONICLES. Part III.—Mr. Winchester continues with great punctuality this valuable work, the third part of which has just appeared. It is the "romance of real life."

ECCENTRICITY OF TATE WILKINSON.—Wilkinson had the habit of calling people by wrong names—a habit which he adopted from Rich, who was the manager of Covent Garden theatre in his early days. Even Garrick is reported not to have been free from this affectation. Rich, who knew little of acting, chiefly depended upon pantomime, in which he was a great proficient, (playing Harlequin himself, under the fictitious designation of Lamm,) was incessantly pestered with troublesome applications on the part of new claimants for public approbation. He was an eccentric man, and used to carry about with him a large black cat. Being desirous of reflecting a little before he committed himself in his answer to any of these aspirants, he used to stroke the back of the cat, exclaiming, "Poor pussy!" and in a moment or two say, "Well, sir, what do you want with me?" Wilkinson stole this peculiarity, for the purpose of obtaining notoriety. When Mr. Lovegrove was introduced, he found Tate occupied in knocking a nail in the wall to hang up his watch. Without discontinuing his employment, or looking at his visitor, Tate said,

"What parts can you act, Mr. Lovegrove?"—"I act Hamlet, sir."

"Mr. Kemble acts Hamlet, Mr. Corgrove. What else?"

"Othello, sir."

"Indeed; but can you knock a nail in the wall, Mr. Cox?"

Wilkinson was accustomed to sit in a snug corner of the gallery to witness the effect of the performance. He had a son, who entertained a great predilection for the profession, but was a very bad actor. One evening Wilkinson, in his favourite seat, overheard a sailor say to another,

"Jack, that's a d—d stick; I've a great mind to hiss him."

"Do," said Wilkinson; "I'll give you half-a-crown if you will."

It was done accordingly, and old Tate came down to the green-room to enjoy the effect. Seeing his son walking up and down the room in great discomposure, he inquired what was the matter.

"Sir," replied the victim, "some scoundrels have hissed me off the stage."

"I know it, my son," replied the senior; "I paid them to do it."

FRANKLIN SALT WATER BATH, CASTLE GARDEN.

THE Proprietors, having availed themselves of the experience of the past year, and conformed to the suggestions of many of their subscribers, beg leave now to present to them and the public in general the most complete arrangements for public and private bathing for ladies and gentlemen, shower Baths upon an improved principle, and boys swimming baths, that ever were offered to general patronage. Having established a constant and thorough succession of sea water—all surface matter is completely excluded. The FRANKLIN BATH is now ready at its usual station, at the north side of the Castle Garden bridge. Books are open for season subscriptions, and the inspection of the citizens and travellers is solicited. June 10-4t.

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SAMUEL OWEN, Editor and Proprietor. Volume I. of this work is published, handsomely bound, price \$3. This volume contains all the important cases in Bankruptcy. May 13.

Varieties.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.—One of the leading counsel on the Home Circuit, being unable the other day to find his hat in the robing-room at Westminster Hall, exclaimed that he had lost his *castor*. "Then take *Pollock's*" (which happened to be lying near), was the apt and ready rejoinder of Sir William Follett.

EDITORS IN DENMARK.—It appears by accounts from Copenhagen, that Herr Hensen thereof, and editor of the *Fædrelandet* daily newspaper, having given offence to government in an inexplicable paragraph, was committed to a dark solitary cell and bread and water, till he made the *amende honorable*. In our more favoured country many of the votaries of the press endure confinement and spare diet enough without committing any crime at all.

AN IRISH WAITER AT A PUBLIC DINNER.—"Sir," says a waiter whom I had asked for a currant jelly for the haunch—(there were a dozen such smoking on various parts of the table, think of that, Mr. Cuff!)"—"Sir," says the waiter, "there's no jelly, but I've brought you some very fine lobster sauce!"

Irish Sketch Book.

THE NIGHT-RIDE.

From the German of Uhland.

Into a darksome land I wend,
No moon, no stars, their lustre lend,
Cold round me roars the blast.
Oft have I journeyed on this way,
When laugh'd the golden sunshine ray,
As air's soft kisses past.

I ride through darksome gardens now,
Where whistles every arid bough,
Dead leaves fall from above.
Here used I in the rose's time,
Affection's consecrated prime,
To wander with my love.

The radiance of the sun is shaded,
The roses all too soon are faded,
My love borne to the grave.
Into a darksome land I ride,
Wrapp'd in my cloak, no ray to guide,
The winter-storm to brave. JANET W. WILKINSON.

DEATH OF A PIER.—We are sorry to read in the morning papers the decease of a well-known pier at Greenwich. The deceased had been long in a sinking state, and had been subjected to water on the head, as well as other ills of a very distressing character. The allusion sometimes made by sailors to their legs when invoking a coolness in the lower extremities was frightfully realized in the case of the late pier, whose timbers were completely shivered between 7 and 8 o'clock on Thursday morning. The pier of Greenwich had the second title of Barren of Dividends; and though never known to be in hot water, was on several occasions nearly swamped in the cold element. The pier, which had been proceeded against for a nuisance, has left no issue, but the several issue, which it pleaded to a declaration served upon it when *in extremis*. Father Thames, the mortgagee in possession, has carried off several of the timbers, and invested this, the only property of the deceased, in a bank of all sorts of deposits.

Punch.

A short time ago, a person was walking in the church-yard at Worksop, and, meeting with an old gentleman meditating among the tombs, he broke the silence by saying to him, "I wonder how many times this small spot of earth hath eaten up the whole of the inhabitants of this place." After pausing a short time the old gentleman replied, saying, "I have seen four Dukes of Kingston, (meaning he had known four successive possessors of the estate,) four Dukes of Norfolk, four Earls of Scarborough, four Knights, Esqrs., four Foljambes, Esqrs., four Mellishes, Esqrs., four ministers of that church, four clerks, and four sextons."

LORD BROUGHAM'S HANDWRITING.—On Thursday night, in the House of Lords, Lord Brougham drew the attention of the Earl of Aberdeen to a letter from Lord Corehouse, correcting some error which the Noble Earl had, in the discussions respecting the Scottish Church, made respecting his (Lord C.'s) opinions on that subject. Upon this the following colloquy took place:—

The Earl of ABERDEEN said, as it had been said by the Noble and Learned Lord, "it was easy to get any opinion, and, therefore, that he should like to see the case which had been submitted," it was only necessary for him (the Earl of Aberdeen) to add, that the case submitted to Lord Corehouse was the bill itself.

Lord BROUGHAM observed, that he had stated in his letter to his Noble Friend opposite that he had a communication to make from Lord Corehouse.

The Earl of ABERDEEN—I did not see any such words.

Lord BROUGHAM—Look at the letter.

The Earl of ABERDEEN—I did look at it, but I could not read it.—[Loud laughter.]

It is said that £4,000 sterling is paid, on the night of a great ball in the Parisian season, for flowers either used in decorating the apartments or as bouquets and garlands for ladies.

A Spanish journal states that, in consequence of the abundance of the growth of oranges of an excellent quality, in the south of Spain, and the difficulty of disposing of them for exportation at a good price, several of the growers convert them into wine, which is said to be of a delicious quality, and resembling much in flavour the wine of Madeira.

FLEAS.—A chatterbox ran about the town of Bath, warning his friends against ever sleeping at the Golden Lion, where he had been most grievously bitten by fleas.

"You remind me," said one of the parties thus addressed, "of the punishment threatened by Horace to the man who should attack him,

'Fle-bit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.'"

When the late Lord Erskine, then going the circuit, was asked by his landlord how he had slept, he replied,

"Union is strength, a fact of which some of your inmates seem to be unaware; for had the fleas been unanimous last night, they might have pushed me out of bed."

"Fleas!" exclaimed Boniface, affecting great astonishment, "I was not aware that I had a single one in the house."

"I don't believe you have," retorted his Lordship, "they are all married, and have uncommonly large families!"

HOPE.—Hope is like a poplar beside a river—undermined by that which feeds it—or like a butterfly, crushed by being caught—or like a fox-chase, of which the pleasure is in the pursuit—or like revenge, which is generally converted into disappointment or remorse as soon as it is accomplished—or like a will-o'-the-

wisp, in running after which, through pools and puddles, you are not likely to catch any thing—but a cold.

A NOVEL MONOMANIAC.—A cottage at the head of Newton, occupied by two young ladies, has for several days past been besieged by a green linnet, who, the moment one of the inmates leaves the house, attacks her and does everything in its power to annoy her, such as darting in her face, and striking her with its wings, all the while chirruping in its most enraged key. Although several times stonned by diving at the windows and doors, it has always got away from every attempt to capture it, and keeps its watch day and night on a tree at the rear of the house, whence its sallies are made at every opportunity. No cause can be assigned for this antipathy on the part of the little warbler, as no injury has been done to it, so far as is known by any of those it seems to consider its enemies.

Ayr Advertiser.

A BIRD VENTRILOQUIST.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, in a letter dated "Granville, North Carolina," gives the following interesting account of a remarkable bird:—"One of the greatest natural curiosities which I have ever seen is a redbreast, which has taken up his residence in the grove of Rev. Josiah Crudup, a gentleman in whose family I am now living. This bird, which, in size, shape, and colour, resembles the common redbreast, not only sings very sweetly, but frequently crows like a domestic crow. Its note, generally, is that of a young cock just learning to crow, though it sometimes sounds like old chancicleer himself, when heard on a still morning, at a distance of about half or three quarters of a mile. But the most singular trait of its character appears to be that of a *ventriiloquist*. This was first discovered by Mr. Crudup, who noticed it perched on a tree not far distant working its mouth, but could detect no sound. He observed another bird not far distant, which he supposed to be the one which was singing, but has since discovered his mistake. I have just been listening to it, in company with several other gentlemen. One moment his voice appears to be in one part of the grove, the next it seems to be exactly in an opposite direction." Signor Blitz should immediately place "a little white powder" on his tail and catch him.

A DEAR BOTTLE OF WINE.—The Editor of the Richmond Enquirer has received notice from a correspondent in Bremen that he has sent him a bottle of the celebrated "rose," which is 228 years old. The writer gives this account of it:—

This rare article can only be obtained at the cellars in half bottles, and then in small quantities. Until recently it was only permitted to be used as a medicine in cases of extreme illness. Its flavour is exquisitely delicious, though its taste is not peculiarly rich. A thimble full is as much as is usually drank at a time. You may rely upon its having attained the age of 228 years! It was made about the time Pocahontas was born.

This bottle of wine cost originally 20 cents. By allowing two per centum for leakage, shrinking, &c., and six per centum on the purchase money added to the principal annually, afterwards bearing a like interest, and you may make the present cost seven millions eight hundred and eighty-four thousand seven hundred and nineteen dollars and twenty-eight cents!!! A larger sum than the entire public debt of Virginia. For my own gratification, I employed an accurate arithmetician to make a calculation for me, and the above is the astonishing result. A single bottle of wine worth, at prime cost, with compound legal American interest, the enormous amount of \$7,984,719 28.

The *Persecrant* of Limoges proclaims a challenge given by an avocet of that city, to run a match, for 10,000*fr.*, between a sow trained by him, and any thorough-bred horse to be brought against her. The ground to be gone over is nearly ten leagues, and lies between the hippodrome of Texonieras and St. Jamien les Combes. The proposer stipulates that the horse is to follow the course of the sow as long as she keeps the lead. The match, if accepted, is to come off on the 21st inst.

Galignani.

An old man of the name of Guyot, lived and died in Marseilles. He amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry and the severest habits of abstinence and privation. The populace pursued him, whenever he appeared, with hootings and execration. In his will were the following words:—"Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully laboured the whole of my life to procure this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

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